The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. XXII. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1895. NO. 40

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK AND EAST—Arrives at 7.00 11.00 A. M. ... Closes at 7.40, 8.16 11.00 A. M. ... 7.00 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA AND WEST—Arrives at 7.00, 7.4 9.. 12.0 ... Closes at 6.00, 11.00 A. M. 1.3 2.40 6. 0 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.07 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.45 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.30 A M , leaves 1 00 P. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

J M WINDER, P. M.

THE INTER-STATE STEAMBOAT CO. TIME TABLE.

Steamer Pokanoket

Leaves Bristol for Phila. at 8 15 a. m ; 2 15 p m.
Leaves Phila. for Bristol at 10.30 a. m , 4.00 p. m

Steamer Florence

Leaves Bristol for Philadelphia at 8 30 a. m.
Leaves Philadelphia for Bristol at 3.00 p. m

Boats land in Philadelphia at Walnut Street.

Change of Time.

Commencing Monday, March 25, 1895:

UPPER DELAWARE RIVER TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

Steamers Columbia and Twilight leave Bristol at 7.00 and 10 00 a. m. 2 15 and 4 15 p. m.
Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 and 11.45 a. m. 2.00 and 4.45 p. m.
SUNDAYS.—Leave Bristol at 10.30 a. m and 4 p. m. Leave Philadelphia at 7.00 a. m. and 2 p.m.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

In effect January 14th, 1895.

Leave Bristol for Phila. (Broad St.), *2.46, 5.85, 6.80, 6.51, 7.21, 7.41, *8.12, 8 28, *9 14, 9 51, *10.26 A. M. 12 05, 12.55, *1 17, *3 03, 3.10, 4 02, 4.55, 5 37, 5 43, 6.2, *7.00, 8.09, 8.30, 9 27, *11 03 P. M.

Sunday trains, *2 46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *10 26 A. M. *12.04, 12 25, 5.00, 5.43, *7 21, 8.00, 8.50, 9 28, *11.03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.), for Bristol, 12 01, *3 20, 6 07, 6 28, *6 50, 7 34, *8 14, 8 30, 9.52, *11 14 A. M. 12.01, 12 50, 1.50, 2 48, 3.82, *3 52, 4.30, *5.00, 5.02, 5.25, *6 00, 6.02, 6.21, 7.27, 9 17, *10.00, 11.15 P. M.

Sunday trains, 12 01, 7.40, *8 30, 9.05, 11 15 A. M. 2.00, *5 20, 5 53, *6 20, *6.30, 7.27, *8.12, *10.00, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent at the station.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Any person sending to this office the names of two new subscribers and two dollars, will receive the paper free for one year,—three copies of the paper one year for two dollars.

—The GAZETTE is for sale at Jones' News Agency, next to the post-office.

—Mrs. E. B. Minster died at her home on Swain street Monday. The interment is at Emilie to-day.

—Mrs. John G Vandegrift died at her home in Eddington, on Saturday last, aged 68 years.

—The GAZETTE has a fine line of samples of ball programmes, tickets, etc. Call and get suited.

—Capt. Worrell, formerly of the Twilight, will be captain of the new boat, Trenton, and William Highland, clerk.

—The Bristol Base Ball Club defeated the Young Republican club of Burlington on last Saturday by a score of 11 to 7.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post-office, May 9th, 1895: Mr. Headstorm, Dr. J A. Dougherty Michel Smith.

—The Merchants' & Mechanics' Building Association will issue an eighth series of its stock on Tuesday evening the 28th inst.

—The Parsonage Mite Society of the Methodist Church, will hold their annual Strawberry Festival, on Tuesday evening, June 4th, 1895.

—The Directors of the Farmers National Bank last Tuesday declared its usual Semi-annual divident of eight per cent, payable on demand and clear of all taxes.

—The closing exercises of Prof. W. H. J. Wilson s dancing classes will be held this evening at St. Marks School Hall. The young folks anticipate a happy time.

—At the GAZETTE job office a large stock of envelopes, cards, bill heads, statements, are kept on hand and everything in the printing line executed without unnecessary delay.

—Some of the young people of Bristol have formed a tennis club consisting of about twenty-five members, and have established three courts on the beautiful lawn at William C. Pierce's residence.

—There was a small fire last night on Buckley street in the store of Edward J. McGee. The alarm was promptly sent in, and the fire company soon were on the ground. The damage was trifling.

—On last Sunday the Rev. A. O Smith, pastor of the 2nd Baptist Church baptised two persons by immersion in Silver Lake. There were a number of people present witnessing the ceremony. Mr. Smith who has just been installed pastor of the church, comes here from the Shiloh Baptist church of Richmond, Va.

—With the advent of Spring has come the resumption of the passenger traffic on the Delaware, and it was with pleasure the people hailed the arrival of the Pokanaket on her up river trips last Monday. The advantage of this cool and quick means of transportation to the cities of Trenton and Philadelphia has already been partaken of by a number of Bristolians. Captain Tyler, who is now a regular Delaware "water-mark," is still in charge and it is with a great deal of pride that he explains to the travelling public the intricacies of steamboating and points out the advantages and merits of the popular Pokanoket. But even now he is not contented with the quick time made between here and Philadelphia, but intends to decrease it still more in the future.

Minster-Foster.

On Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr and Mrs. B C Foster, No 105 Wood street, their eldest daughter, Miss Emma McComas Foster, was married to Mr. Pemberton Morris Minster. The ceremony was performed by the bride's uncle, the Rev. N D McComas, of Philadelphia, Pa , assisted by the Rev. C. H. Rorer, of the M. E. Church, Bristol, Pa. Miss Anna Foster, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid The best man was Mr. Joshua Richardson. Miss Clara Hancock, of Trenton, N. J , played the wedding march.

The bride, who was given away by her father, was gowned in white silk crepon en train She carried a boquet of bride roses and lillies of the valley. After the ceremony, dinner was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Minster took the southern express for Washington, D. C., and points south.

Among those present were:

Mr and Mrs. J. E Lewis, New York; Rev. and Mrs. N. D. McComas, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Horace McComas, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. William McComas, Baltimore, Md ; Miss Fannie McComas, Baltimore, Md., Mr. and Mrs. H. Sickles, Trenton, N. J.; Miss Clara Hancock, Trenton, N. J.; Mr. Charles Levi Hancock, Trenton, N. J.; Dr. and Mrs. Minster, Langhorne; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gillingham, Langhorne; Edward and Miss Sadie Gillingham, Langhorne; Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Rorer, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Minster, Miss Carrie and Willie Minster, Frank Lauderbough, Miss Sallie Minster, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Minster, Mr. and Mrs E. W. Minster, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Hibbs, Mrs. Milnor Brown Mrs. Clarissa Minster, Miss Mary Ellen Foster, Mr. Charles Foster, Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Wetling, Mr. and Mrs. V. V. Vanzant, Mr and Mrs. W. S. Fine, Miss Lizzie Detlefson, Miss Alice V. Lippincott, Mr. Clem Lippincott and Mr. James Brooks.

G. A. R. Matters.

H. Clay Beatty Post, No. 73. G. A. R., has lately organized a Citizen Corps from patriotic persons who desire to aid in carrying out the purpose of Memorial Day. The membership dues in the Crops are $2 per year and thirty-four persons have already enrolled their names. A special meeting of the Post will be held on next Monday evening to receive additional applications. At the meeting held on last Monday evening a large attendance was present and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

RESOLVED: That this Post is pained to learn that a monument to Confederate soldiers is to be dedicated in Chicago on next Memorial Day, and feel that such an act should be frowned upon by every patriotic citizen of our country:

RESOLVED: That in setting apart one day in the spring time of each and every year for the decoration of the graves of our deceased comrades, and for perpetuating the memory of their heroic and self-sacrificing deeds, it was never intended that such a day should ever be used for the purpose of flaunting the rebel flag before the youth of the United States, and that we earnestly condemn its prostitution to such purposes.

Bicycle Notes.

The chronic kicker as usual made himself heard on last Sunday's run.

May 12th, 9 a. m., Ferry, Bristol Bicycle Club make a run to Mount Holly.

The sun bonnets worn by two of our members last Sunday created much amusement in Trenton.

The run last Sunday to Princeton was attended by 24 members, who much enjoyed the dinner at the Nassau House.

The Tri-State Relay of 150 miles is announced for June 8th. The Club racers will act as pacers for the relay racers on that day.

The Mercer County Wheelmen of Trenton give a race meet on Saturday afternoon, June 1st. Lumps of Gold will be given as prizes. The Bristol Bicycle Club will give a run to the races on that day.

Some of our members had a bad attack of cramps last Sunday. But the club surgeon managed to have the proper medicine with him. We trust he will always be prepared for such cases on future runs. S

Personal Mention.

Hon. Symington Phillips is visiting in New York city this week.

Miss Lee Fanshawe, of Germantown, was the guest of Misses Swain for several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Doron and Miss Lulu Doron are spending a few days in Reading.

Miss Lottie Hood, of Philadelphia, was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Osman for several days this week.

Mr. Jason L. Fenimore, of North Swansea, Mass., was in Bristol last Saturday, visiting old friends. Mr. Fenimore is engaged in the manufacture of collar and cuff buttons and has established a thriving business.

—The class of '95 of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia held its Commencement at the Academy of Music yesterday. A number of Bristolians attended the exercises, as one of our young ladies, Miss Julia H. Slack, who has been a student of the college for four years, took her degree of M. D. Dr. Slack has many friends in Bristol who wish her much success in her chosen field of labor.

—Mrs Catharine Killingsworth, one of the old residents of Bristol, died at her home last Thursday, in the 73rd year of her age. She was a consistent member of the M. E. Church for over 40 years. The interment was in St. James burial ground.

—Dr. Joseph de B. Abbott and Messrs. Lardner and Archie Morris gave a delightful shad supper on the island on last Saturday evening, to a number of Bristol gentlemen. It was very much enjoyed by those present.

W. C. T. U.

Devotional meeting of the W. C. T. U. next Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the M. E. Church.

Grammar "B."

The entertainment given last Friday evening in the Assembly room of the High School building was a very pleasing success. The participants were the pupils under the charge of Miss Lizzie Kinsey and Miss Lizzie G Tomlinson, supplemented by a few of the younger buds of promise from the schools of Miss Annie Brady and Miss Meta P. Douglass. The care and discipline, the good direction and effective training of the teachers were particularly manifest throughout the exercises, and every feature of the entertainment reflected high credit on teachers and pupils alike. While all the latter did well, some fulfilled their parts admirably, winning praise and inciting surprised pleasure. The occasion gave proof that there is a good basis for indulging a feeling of pride in behalf of our school.

The programme was as follows:—

Song, "Float Away,"	School
Recitation, "A Cup of Cold Water,"	Helen Jackson
Duet, Piano,	M. Bruden, J. Flowers
Dialogue, "The Dead Kitten,"	Eight Pupils
Recitation, "Dolly's Lesson,"	Lizzie Haggas
Song, "Singing of Birds."	School
Reading, "A School-boy on Corns,"	Willie Jarvis
Piano Solo,	Don Gestefeld
Recitation, "The Wife-Hunting Deacon,"	Carrie Marshall
Doll Drill,	Sixteen Girls
Recitation, "The New Baby,"	Willie Lafferts
Song, "The Rosy Crown."	
Tableaux, "Eclipse of the Sun,"	Elwood Tolen
Duet,	Fanny and Sadie McIlvaine
Shaker Settlement.	
Recitation, "A Wonder,"	Don Gestefeld
Chorus, "How Sweetly are Glancing."	
Dialogue, "The Schoolmaster,"	Five Boys
Violin Solo,	Bertha Hellings
Recitation, "A Little Pilgrim,"	Jennie Flowers
Song, "Whistle and Hoe,"	School
Piano Solo,	Eva Braden
Wand Drill,	Fourteen Girls
Joe Anderson, My Jo,	J. Flowers, Harry York
Good-Night Song,	School.

With scarcely an exception every part of this varied order of exercises, whether performed by one set of little people or by another set of smaller ones, was accomplished in a neat and happy manner. The songs, the recitations, the dialogues and the readings, the winning tableaux and the duets, the piano and violin solos, all had their merits, and the bright little girls and boys have reason to feel proud of their success. It was good for them as a mental exercise, good for the school thus to be brought into prominent notice, and good as a source of enjoyment to the delighted audience.

How interesting it was to witness the skilful way in which the young performers touched the keys that awakened melody in the piano, and handled the violin so as to draw out its secret charms! What will not training and practice and careful instruction accomplish?

Some of the parts in the list of exercises were specially attractive This may be said of the "Doll Drill," so picturesque and amusing, the song, "Whistle and Hoe," given in a sprightly manner, and the pretty "Wand Drill" with its variety of movement and beautiful figures, presenting an example of the music of motion. "Dolly's Lesson" and the "New Baby" were marvels of juvenile recitation.

All in all the event was noteworthy, and it will be remembered and cherished as an occasion of interest and delight by teachers, pupils and spectators. Its financial value is represented by the clear addition of sixty-three dollars to the fund for the piano, which at this rate will soon be liberated from the vexing miseries of a debt. W.

Reduced Rates to Denver, Col., via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the accommodation of persons who desire to visit Colorado on the occasion of the meeting of the National Educational Association, at Denver, Col , July 5 to 12, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets on July 3, 4, and 5, to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, and Pueblo, at the extremely low rates of $50.75 from New York, $49.25 from Philadelphia, $47 50 from Baltimore and Washington, $47.25 from Harrisburg, proportionate rates from other points.

These tickets will be good for return passage from Colorado points on July 12, 13, 14, and 15, with an extension until September 1, if desired.

A special train of Pullman Buffet Sleeping cars will run, leaving New York at 10.10 A. M., July 4, stopping at prominent intermediate points, and arriving at Denver on the afternoon of July 6.

This affords a grand opportunity for a trip to the world-renowned Rocky Mountain resorts in Colorado at a comparatively small cost.

Deaths in April.

During the month of April there were eleven deaths in the borough of Bristol from the following causes:

Catarrhal Pneumonia,..	2
Heart Diseases,..	2
Laryngitis	2
Bronchitis,	1
Nervous Exhaustion,	1
Stillborn,	1
Meningitis,..	1
Cerebral Softening,	1

During the corresponding month of last year there were 9 deaths.

John Malony Turns Up.

About three weeks ago, John Malony, an aged farmer, disappeared from his home near Pemberton, N. J., and after being traced to Bristol the clue was lost. On Sunday the old man was found wandering aimlessly about the streets of Burlington, N. J. He stated that he had been working on a farm near Bristol

The Hunterdon county N. J., Democrat says: A man from Bucks county, Pa., has been buying up a lot of apple tree logs from the farmers in some of the upper counties of the State during the past week. These logs are cut up in short lengths and converted into saw handles, door knobs and tobacco pipes

—Joseph Phillips while returning with the Bristol wheelmen last Sunday from Princeton was run into by a comrade and thrown down a hill and against a barbed wire fence, tearing the flesh of his arm. A surgeon in Trenton dressed the wound.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, May 9, 1895 —The workingmen are growing impatient for the return of prosperous times When the panic came in 1893 there was little opportunity to quarrel with anyone about wages, or hours of work. The mills and shops were closed and the workingmen were idle. After a year of idleness the men were glad to resume work at almost any scale of wages, but now they are becoming uneasy and want the old wages that prevailed before the panic restored. One reason for their demand is the increase in the cost of living. The workingmen see the great trusts which monopolize certain branches of business, forcing up the cost of beef, oil, sugar and leather, and the upward tendency of wheat and other staples warns them that it will cost more to sustain their families than it did during the dull times.

The garment cutters and makers, who have been on strike, have something more at stake, however, than wages. They are trying to break up the abominable sweat shops Most of the cheap clothing is made by foreigners who are crowded into tenement houses in which they do their work, often being driven on by a boss. A correction of these evils will mean an advance in the price of ready-made clothing. It is simply another version of "The Song of the Shirt," and if people have to pay more for their garments they should remember that the tailor gets a fair share of the increased cost.

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The appointment of Herman Kretz, of Reading, to succeed Dr. Eugene Townsend as Superintendent of the Mint, is going to be a costly matter for the government. It will cost $30,000 to to recount the metal and coin stored at the Mint. When the recount was made upon Dr. Townsend's appointment his predecessor, Colonel Bosbyshell, was just $700 short—a small amount compared with the millions involved. The responsibility of the Superintendent is very great, and he has to give a bond for $100,000. It will take a year to make the recount, which is done by weighing the bullion and coin. The valuable gold and silver is sealed in strong vaults and the Treasury Department at Washington has the keys, yet the Superintendent is held responsible. Through the dishonesty of Cochran, Bosbyshell lost a considerable sum, as Cochran's estate and the amount realized from his bond did not make the government whole.

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It is about time to agitate the annual celebration of Independence Day. City Councils has a standing committee for the purpose, and by the city's aid July 4 has been made a day of great enjoyment for several years The city feels pretty poor just now, [illegible] care to expend any money on oratory, music, parades, noise and red fire. The fireworks last year were something of a disappointment, and the contractor's bill has not yet been paid There is no limit to the demand upon the city treasury, and the taxes not meeting the requirements it is now proposed to borrow $2,400,000. F. D. M.

THE BRIDAL OF THE FAIRIES.

BY ELMA C. WILDMAN.

The bright May sun was just rising and sending his advance guard far before him along the shadowy path, which bore no trace that it had been travelled daily since long before man reigned on earth, and wielded his sword in the name of liberty or conquest. The still morning air breathed a refreshing coolness over hill and valley, woodland and meadow, and all nature was rejoicing that once again her pictures should mingle with the myriad of human scenes which daily strike upon the retina of the sun's eye, and in his sight should not be considered least because forever responding and forever pure A little brook was running rapidly over its pebbly bed and through a forest, the trees of which cast their dark shadows over the glad water.

Suddenly all the golden bells of the dog-tooth violets began to sway in the breeze and send out a merry peal; and banners of all colors were hung out as a troop of fairies wound slowly along the shore of the brook. The bridal party, for such it was, halted under a young oak tree, beneath which the Reverend Jack was standing, demure and stately, in his pulpit of green. The bride wore a gown of the purest white, covered with a long, silky vail delicately woven by mistress spider, and studded with pearls from the dewy morning; while from the groom's shoulder gracefully hung a royal-purple mantle formed from the petals of a pansy A deep silence ensued till the miniature ring had been placed on the dainty finger, and the work of the pastor of the woods was done. Then all the fairies crowded round the joyous twain, the birds, after a few feeble notes as though tuning their instruments, broke forth into their gayest carol, and the violet-bells rang out again.

But the sun was getting high and beginning to peep through the thick foliage overhead, and the fairie-day was drawing to its close. A great dragon-fly with gauzy wings came fluttering over the fern tops, and then darted away bearing with him the wedded pair. The blue-eyed violets gazed shyly after them, and each let fall a sparkling tear-drop. The rest of the floral tribe, blood-root, anemone, hepatica, spring-beauty, and Quaker-lady waved them a glad farewell, while a few of the more frolicsome of the fairies sent after them some of the dried lady-slippers and moccason flowers saved for that purpose. Erelong the guests began to seek shelter under their May-flower sun-shades, where they would stay till the evening, when a feast was to be given with music and dancing under the light of the stars.

Cheap Excursion to the West.

On May 21st and June 11th, The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway) will sell excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in the west and northwest. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines, or address H. A. Gross, G. E. P. A., 423 Broadway, New York; T. P. Vaille, S. E. P. A., South Fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IN SOUTHERN CLIMES.

MACON, GA., April 6, 1895.

EDITOR GAZETTE—We found great entertainment among the Indian children, though I am bound to say that the other one met with more success than I did. The boys possessed the proverbial taciturnity of the male Indian, and it was difficult to get them to talk. The girls, however, seemed to unbend quite readily, and a squaw who was there surrendered her baby very readily to the arms of a white woman. On Saturday evening we heard the band play; fourteen lads drummed and tooted popular airs under the leadership of Mr. Scanandoah, their band master, a full blooded Indian, and they played very well, indeed. We could scarcely believe that nearly all of them had only begun to receive instruction last, December. On Sunday we went to Sunday School and for the first time I tried my hand, or rather my tongue, in talking to a room-full of Indian children.

The girls looked very neat in their blue dresses, which are made at the school. The boy's clothing is, however, sent ready-made, with the natural result as to fit. We left for the return drive on Saturday afternoon, taking another route—the Quallatown road —which was a couple of miles longer, but, according to the teacher, a somewhat better road and without any danger from precipices, as it bore away from the river-valley and wound its devious course along little creeks and branches. The other one declared that the ford over the Oconaluftee was not as agreeable as a good dinner, and when we found that the river could be forded at less depth at the school we held a council about it. We learned that the Quallatown road was impassable in winter and early spring owing to the mud, but the opinion was that we would find it possible to get through with a doubtful exception to one place. Finally, our Methodist preacher friend came along and said he had heard that a man had come through "the Quallaway" the day before on horseback, and advised us to try it. I wanted to go back the way we had come, as I saw visions of untold wealth in it. I felt certain that after one more trial of the Birdtown road I could [illegible] a buggy, and visions of immortality gained by driving a horse over Niagara on a wire danced before my eyes We took a vote on the question. As the matter had some bearing on my ability as a driver, I thought it improper to vote, and the "Quallaway" carried by a majority of one. The vote was possibly influenced by what the lady teachers had told her about a buggy and its two occupants having gone over a precipice a few days before—without serious injury though. However, I gave in and lost my chance for fame. It is ever thus that our fondest hopes are nipped in the bud and our highest aspirations blighted! Bidding good-bye to our kind entertainers we started off and in a few minutes had forded Oconaluftee. This ford was about as wide and as crooked as the other but it was shallower. I think it was fully five-eighths of an inch shallower than the other. It turned out that our friends, the teachers, were diplomats of the highest order—having observed a disinclination to a watery grave on the part of one of us, they said nothing about other fords that we should meet. There were three of them, but Saco Creek was the only fair sized one. After plodding along and plunging through numerous bogs, each one of which we hoped after we got through was the one where we had been told we might possibly "mire up," we came to one whose ending seemed to be the other side of the earth, for we could see no end to it. All the others were insignificant in comparison. The oozy clay rose to the hubs, then over them; the carriage step disappeared, and the horse dived and plunged and struggled, while the harness stretched and the swingletree bent as the buggy creaked all over and the mire gave forth its sucking groans as we slowly got ahead over this worst quarter of a mile I ever saw. There was nothing interesting about it. There is a little excitement in skinning the edge of a precipice with the wheels or taking an unknown ford, but to just sit still and watch the horse plunge, expecting every moment to "mire up" hard and fast, out of sight or sound or knowledge of human being or habitation, four miles from your destination, is as dull and cheerless as waiting to be hung. This was Nature's last effort to prevent travel though, and we could soon get into a trot in a few spots here and there and at length, at the end of three hours, we pulled into Whittier where Monteith stood on the railroad track smiling a welcome at us.

We soon had supper and went to bed. Sometime before dawn, at that unchristian hour when only those get up who must, or whose uneasy consciences banish sleep, there was a knock and a boy came in to build a fire. As he piled the wood high in the chimney place I kept one eye on him, intending to kill him for waking me up and wondering how I could dispose of the body, but somehow or other I napped off and his life was saved until I meet him again.

We left Whittier that day at noon. The boy who lit the fire had gone to school and saved his life a second time, and I had to start out to hunt for aid with our valise and bundles. At the foot of the lane I ran into Monteith, who stowed everything, including ourselves, on the car, and the last impression of Whittier was Monteith's smile fading into thin air like the grin of the Cheshire cat in "Alice in Wonderland." We were bound for the end of the road at Murphy, about seventy miles off. At the end of seven miles we stopped for dinner at Bryson City. Bryson City is the capital seat of Clay county. We got but a glimpse of it, but from that glimpse we were disposed to think that if we were Clay county and had Bryson City offered us for a seat, we would prefer to stand. The hotel is almost on the track. A long table was filled with edibles of all sorts, the most prominent being huge bowls of soup, which a voluble young woman, who "hoped we would excuse her awkwardness, as she was new to the hotel business," told us was excellent. I said we would try it if we might have just a little in a saucer, and she replied with tragic pose and gesture "Certainly, my dear sir! You and your good lady can have just as much or just as little as you please and anything you please if we have it in the house," and in a twinkling she gesticulated a saucer of soup in front of each of us and declaimed "Now if you find that too thick and rich, I will be very happy to bring you a nice glass of fresh, hot water to thin it down with." I judged she had been an understudy to Mary Anderson. We pulled away from Bryson City, and on a schedule of ten miles an hour began to twist and climb and wiggle through the wildest and most picturesque mountain scenery imaginable, without a town and with but one tiny settlement to suggest humanity, except a lumber camp or two for the rest of the journey. This region is still in its virgin beauty. Only one train a day wakes the echoes, and passengers are few, there were two besides ourselves. To any one fond of rough, wild scenery this ride is well worth taking—through the gorge of the Nantahala, "the river of the noonday sun," so called because only at noonday can the gay sunbeams plunge into the depths of the gorge and reach to kiss the rippling waters; crossing and re-crossing this untamed stream twenty-five times in half as many miles; across and along the head waters of the Tennessee; up and up over Marble mountain, and down and down to the valley of the Conaheta river, one feels as if awakened from a dream when the train finally arrives at Murphy.

Murphy is as yet an uncut diamond. A scattered little community of about eight hundred people at the junction of the Conaheta and Hiawassee rivers, in the midst of an unsettled mountain country, and almost in the centre of the moonshine [illegible] of the states of North Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia. By the way, it is a singular thing that this illicit whisky region is almost entirely temperance, the counties being nearly all "dry." Not a drop of liquor can be legally bought in Murphy, though the mountains all about shelter hundreds of "blockade" stills.

The mud wasn't over at Murphy, or rather it was over—all over—so we saw none of the ladies promenading. The lady pigs, however, did not mind it, and were out in force with their lovers, brothers, husbands and children, busily engaged in turning over the streets to see how they looked on the other side.

Murphy has the honor of having three times. The Murphy Branch, operated by the Richmond & Danville Railroad Company, runs on eastern time; the little narrow gauge road, run by the Marietta & North Georgia, moves by central time, and the court house clock gives "sun time." Consequently, we dined at 12 o'clock, 11 o'clock and 11.20 o'clock all at once. This makes "a deuce of a time" to find out just "where you are at"—thus giving Murphy an additional or fourth time. I asked why they didn't put the court house clock at one of the standard times and was told that the "country people" objected. They averred that they cared nothing about the railroads and as their money was in the court house they wanted their time in it too.

There is no bank at Murphy. The financing is done, when done at all, at Atlanta, two hundred and odd miles away. Murphy is not particularly agitated over the question of bimetalism. Her gold is corn and her silver is eggs, which furnish a ready, if somewhat cumbersome, means of conducting the little exchange that goes on; through the medium of the stores these products get exchanged into money by way of Atlanta, and the cash that comes into the place goes out again through the agency of the drummer, who thus serves Murphy in a doubly useful capacity.

There is just one hotel in Murphy—the Drummers' Home—and it is as unique as is everything else in the town. It is presided over by Mrs Nettie Dickey, whose apparent energy made us wonder why she didn't run away from Murphy, and whose look of astonishment when she discovered that we were not there on business would make the fortune of a comic actress She called me "Doctor," and when I disclaimed the honor, hoped there was no offense, and after cogitating the matter and looking at the name on my valise tag she settled down to "Colonel." I modestly disclaimed this also, but it was no go. She evidently thought that anybody who came to Murphy without business was too big a personage or too big a fool to be plain Mister and she stuck to Colonel, so I let it go at that. The Drummers' Home is not a summer resort home and permanent guests are not desired—"transients" being the object of the house—but I really believe, from the kind attention shown us, that we would have been welcome all summer. Mrs. Dickey's able assistant is Jack, a young man with a step like a cat and a voice like a bluebird, who was constantly appearing to know if we "wanted anything," and who, I think, would have turned the house around if we had asked it. His soft chirrup was heard before daylight, melodiously inquiring if we were ready for a fire. We were generally ready for a fire, and it seemed to me that there was a constant procession of pine knots, day and night, into our room.

One of these days Murphy will be discovered, and its fine scenic approach and surroundings become known. The Drummers' Home will become noted, and Mrs. Dickey will be justly famous. For so far as she and Jack are concerned, you can have the town at your disposal for the asking. I shall always have a soft spot in my heart for Murphy and the Drummers' Home. One of the prettiest of our many tramps was through the soft, piney woods, along the bank of the clear and swift Hiawassee, and at Mrs. Dickey's hospitable board with Jack's white apron gliding about, I felt hungry for the first time in nearly two years, and ate honey and chicken and corn-bread and milk because they filled a void and tasted—O! so good!

After a couple of days we started southward. Loading ourselves with our trunks into a big wagon we plunged through Murphy, and crossing the Hiawassee on a rope ferry of the vintage of 1682, we wabbled along through a marshy road for a mile or so to a little station on the mountain side, whence ran a little narrow gauge road to Blue Ridge, two hours in time and twenty-five miles in distance, away in the "cracker" regions of Georgia. This ride is through one of the richest mineral districts in the country, over mountains of solid marble and through beds of solid talc and corundum, and within a stone's throw almost of the Georgia gold fields, abandoned for California in '49, and now almost forgotten in the set of the tide the other way and idle for lack of capital to run them. At a little platform familiarly called "Kinsey," where marble and talc is shipped, we witnessed the delivery of a captured moonshiner, or blockader as they call them now, by a revenue agent fitted up as an arsenal, to the custody of the U. S. Marshall for the district. The poor wretch didn't look as if he knew enough to get any juice out of corn. Our train companions were two or three prospectors, who were very pleasant and ready to tell us all they knew about the hidden riches of the rocks. One of them, who had some most beautiful gems in his pockets, was a giant six feet five inches tall. At Blue Ridge, a little village on the topmost summit of the mountains of that name, we took our last mountain dinner. Another train and another change at Marietta brought us, early after nightfall, to Atlanta and civilization. We had had rough fare and some physical inconveniences, but we had had more fun than a pen full of shoats.

We took a good look at Atlanta and the exposition grounds, that are getting along finely, but will scarcely be finished by September; stopped for a short rest in Macon and Thomasville, and finally reached Monticello to find the flowers blooming and "the mocking-birds singing all the time," and settled down for a little rest in Florida before turning homewards.

Monticello is a quaint, quiet, pretty, little town, filled with pleasant, hospitable people, and we found here most comfortable and homelike quarters all ready for us, with the only really excellent table we have found in our travels, except perhaps the Aragon Hotel in Atlanta. We cannot help liking Monticello. The long continued annual visits of Messrs. Heston and Harned have settled the climate and insured continuous sunshine, while the genial effulgence of Mr. George A. Shoemaker hangs over the town, making it moonlight every night in the year

A. WEIR GILKESON.

Are You Going?

The tickets to Denver, Col., and return for the meeting of the National Educational Association will be on sale July 3rd, 4th and 5th at rate of one standard fare, with two dollars added, for the round trip. Teachers and others that intend taking advantage of the low rates can have sleeping car reservation made in advance and get full information as to cost of side trips to the principal points of interest throughout Colorado and Utah.

Reduced rates by addressing John R. Pott, District Passenger Agent Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, Williamsport, Pa.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

Spring Plants.

Geranuims, Pansy Geraniums, Heliotrope, Abutilons, Impatience, Begonias, Hydrangeas, Palms, Maiden Hair Ferns, Verbenas, Nasturtiums, Sweet Alyssum, Ivy Geraniums, Basket and Vase Plants, &c., at our usual low prices. Fresh Curled Parsley all the year. Reliable Flower Seeds. Choice Cut Flowers for Funeral Work, &c., Wheat Sheaves, Cycas, Leaves, and Doves. All plants delivered. Open in the evening.

HARRY CHAMBERS' FLOWER STORE, 223 Market Street

Coal Down to Rock-Bottom Prices.

Having purchased a large quantity of the best Lehigh Coal I am now prepared to sell at the following reduced rates, viz:—one ton order $4.60; five ton order at $4.50 per ton; ten ton order at $4.40 per ton, cash. This coal is guaranteed to be the best Lehigh coal. WILLIAM E. DORON, Corner Radcliffe and Market streets.

Mr. B. C. Foster

Invites the public to call at his jewelry store and inquire about the 200 persons who have had their eyes examined and have been successfully fitted with glasses during the past year. An experienced and competent optician will examine eyes free.

The Ways and Means Committee.

We suppose there is one in every household. If not, appoint one at once and investigate the gold embossed wall papers that are being sold by the Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of 12 N. 11th St., Phila., at 12 and 15c.

MARRIED.

CARSON—WEAR.—On Wednesday evening, May 1, 1895, at the home of the bride, Jefferson Avenue, Bristol, Pa., by the Rev. Charles H. Rorer, Mr. William F. Carson, of Emilie, Pa., to Miss Amelia S. Wear, of Bristol, Pa.

ABSOLUTELY PURE
THE OLD RELIABLE.
SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTE
Has stood the Test of Time
MORE SOLD THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS COMBINED

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If you want a good serviceable wheel, call and see the

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Adopted by the Philadelphia special police and Reading mail carriers. Prices from $65 to $100.

The Dampman,
high grade wheel at $75.

Repairing a Specialty.

S. B. ARDREY & SONS,
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100 DOLLARS.

Model 40.
Also Hartford for $80, $60 and $50.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND WHEELS on hand at Lowest Prices.

Repairing Promptly Attended to.

C. R. THOMPSON,
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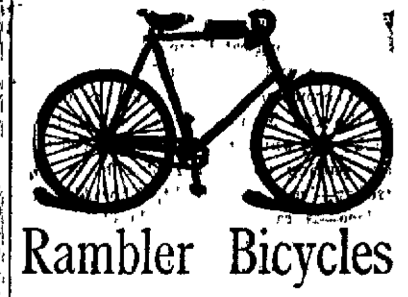
BRISTOL, PA.

G. Schiesser, Jr.,
217 Jefferson Ave.,
Bristol,
Has taken the agency for the celebrated



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There has been more records broken both by Professionals and Amateurs on this wheel than any other two wheels put together. Not only on paper, but in reality. Come and see the '95 model—it speaks for itself. If you want an easy-going, speedy and comfortable wheel, try the RAMBLER—it can't be beat. They are all fitted with the celebrated G. & J. tire. I can give you any weight from 14½ to 34½ lbs. Also your choice of handle-bars, seat and pedals. I have three models of Ladies' wheels from 20 to 27 lbs. The Ladies model "E" is a beauty, weighing but 20 lbs. I also handle the STORMER, WAVERLY, BEN HUR, etc. Almost any wheel you wish. Prices ranging from $15 to $100. Bargains in second-hand wheels.

A full line of Sundries constantly on hand at
G. W. BOOTH'S SHOE STORE,
No. 321 Dorrance Street.

Sherman & Peirce,
BRISTOL, PA.

Big Lot
SPRUCE PALES
For Sale Low.

Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Etc.
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202 Mill Street, Bristol,
(Over Pursell's Drug Store.)

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1895.

"THE SUCCESSOR OF THE RAILWAY"—THE TROLLEY.

In several State legislatures a fierce struggle is going on between the electric or trolley roads and the steam railroads. The trolley has become a formidable rival of the steam railroad, and threatens to deprive it of the greater portion both of its passenger and freight traffic. Electric lines afford superior accommodations in some respects, especially in regard to stoppage at places along their routes, and can do profitable business at lower rates than the steam railroads. The latter, alarmed at the steady inroads of their competitor, appeal to the legislatures to protect them by refusing charters or franchises to trolley companies seeking to operate suburban lines or to connect different towns and villages. There is a striking article on the subject in The Popular Science Monthly (April), contributed by Mr. Appleton Morgan, in which considerable evidence is marshaled in support of the conclusion that the trolley is the successor of the railway, and that the century which has seen the birth of this great industrial agent may also see its exodus or death. In opening his article, Mr. Morgan writes:

"It has been anticipated and foreseen that electricity was to be the successor of steam, and experimental electric locomotives have already been operated with more or less satisfactory results. But the question appears at this moment to be, not whether the electric locomotive will supersede the steam locomotive, but whether locomotives themselves are not to be dispensed with, and tossed, together with drawing, models, plans, specifications, and estimates for, a substitution of power, upon the scrap heap, while the substitution shall be, not of the motive power, but of the motor.

"It looks, indeed, as if the next century, whatever it may have in the way of aerial flight in store for us, will have no difficulty, if it desires the honor, of being christened 'the trolley age.' For it is to this new traction system that the railway companies are already looking with that apprehension with which an heirless landed proprietor regards his hostile next of kin. Loaded down with their vast burden of fixed charges and costly maintenance, crippled by all sorts of parasites, legal, illegal, and mixed, there seems to be nothing for them to do but to wait patiently to be superseded.

"For many years the railway companies had come to philosophize helplessly at the prospective diminution of suburban profits from the horse or dummy-operated tramway, and had missed the out-of-town patron who had begun to turn his back upon comfortable sittings and smokers, sumptuous saloons, luxurious upholstery, facilities for his traveling whist or chess, heat, water, and conveniences galore. They had without a murmur seen all these pale in attraction to the man of business, who needed not to await time-tables or succumb to belated or missed trains, when the bussing little trolley hummed along its inexpensive wires every five minutes, so long as it afforded him a board bench or a strap to hang on by. But when this unexpected trolley began to go farther and stretch its transportation powers to longer distances, the poor handicapped railways were led to look at their books and —if metaphors may be mixed—to button up their pockets and hint of receivers instead of dividends. And just at present they may be praying for time to turn around before a transcontinental trolley is upon them!

"The trolley indeed has, in less space of time than that required to launch any other known improvement, practically captured the cheap transportation field. This newcomer, indeed, seems equipped with every opportunity that the railways have been coveting for fifty years, and to be getting for the asking everything for which the railways have to pay the heaviest. Its economies began at its very birth. In its construction it has no use for high-salaried engineering and locating parties; for woodsmen, excavators, dumpers, agents of rights of way, and for the long catalogue of machinery for surveying and making railway line. All these become as superfluous and as clumsy as the Old Man of the Sea on Sindbad's back; for, while your principal assistants are putting on their rubber boots, your trolley—built in a night, like Aladdin's palace—is earning dividends, oblivious of summits or watersheds or grades, loops or bridges, trusses or cantilevers. It is only an item of the situation that, as fast as charters can be mobilized or capital adjusted or plants converted, the dummies are side-tracked, horses led to auction, while every species of tramway spins its overhead wires and becomes trolleyized into remunerative investments."

Dwelling on the astonishing economies introduced by the trolley, and the comparative freedom of this new agent from the legal, financial, and political difficulties surrounding the steam railway, Mr. Morgan shows that the trolley "is the coming parallel of the railway as to everything in the catalogue. Already freight is carried by many suburban lines in several States, and there are projected and incorporated lines between great centers like New York, Baltimore, and Washington." In New York, "after sinking hundreds of millions of dollars in building railways across trackless forests and frozen mountains and over unpopulated prairies, the capitalists have at last arrived at the conclusion that there is more profit in building trolley lines for the city and suburban population." The trolley has even undertaken to save the waterways. "Just as the inland canal," says Mr. Morgan, "was about to die of superannuation, the trolley has come to its relief. To apply to the canal a circuited instead of a simple overhead wire is a trifling matter, and along it the canal-boat pole ends will yet trundle, until the lazy barges will perhaps rival in bustle the trolley car on land." We quote the concluding portion of the article:

"To sum it all up, there has suddenly and silently burst upon us an enormous economic agent, and one which, by cheapening the facilities not only of capitalists and manufacturers, but of the least and poorest of consumers, is actually and practically solving those social and agrarian problems which within a few years had threatened serious upheaval in the body politic. With the trolley competing in the field against the railway (selected by the communist as the solid and material symbol of arbitrary power which he should burn and dilapidate and destroy, to assert his popular rights), who shall say that a relief has not come; who shall say but that the railway, with diminished dividends and a divided patronage indeed, may have received from an unexpected quarter immunity from the perilous destroying forces and the hostility of the masses, and at last enjoy its meager surplus of profits over fixed charges, pay-roll, and maintenance disbursements in something like peace! Meanwhile the people have been passed from the tender mercies of the larger to those of the smaller capitalists—from the reign of King Log, as it were, to the reign of King Stork. Whether a time will come when our paternal Government will be urged to seize the trolleys and license every one who would operate his own conveyances upon them, remains to be seen. Possibly to the railway-haters the advent of the trolley has come both as a revelation and an extinguisher! At any rate it has brought them the cheap transportation for which they worried, without the expense of building their own railway coaches, and so a revelation in solving their difficulties with unexpected rapidity. But has it also silenced them? They cannot demand that Government seize the railways without seizing the tramways. But have they been emancipated, or only had their masters changed? Who shall guess whether the Twentieth-Century trolley company will not be as remorseless a tyrant as the poor superseded railway company was alleged to have been in its days of dominant usefulness and prosperity?"

HARRISBURG LETTER.

(Special Correspondence.)

HARRISBURG, May 6.—The legislature will probably wind up its affairs the first Thursday of June. The members have become tired of the daily grind of routine work and are anxious to get away. The senate calendar is in good shape, and, if necessary, can be cleared of all bills within forty-eight hours. The house took a spurt last week and cleaned up the calendar of first and second reading house bills. There are less than fifty senate bills on second reading, and about 200 house bills on third reading on the house calendar. This is equal to about eight days' work of six hours a day. Speaker's Clerk Huhn says it is the first time within his legislative experience of thirty-four years that the house calendar was clear of second reading house bills the first week of May.

A resume of the work of the house up to date shows that it has considered 716 bills on first reading, 601 on second reading and 208 on third reading. A comparison of the work accomplished by the house up to May 2, 1893, and the same date this year shows that two years ago 556 house and 261 senate bills, or 767 in all, had been reported from the committees. This year the house bills number 624 and the senate bills 248, a total of 872. Two years ago, at this time, 129 house bills had been acted upon and sent to the senate, together with 14 senate bills. This year the numbers are 187 and 21, respectively. There have been 24 house bills passed both branches and gone to the governor, or one more than two years ago.

A comparison of the work of the senate up to date with two years ago shows that 507 bills have been read in place this year, as against 480 in 1893. Two years ago, up to May 2, there were 489 bills reported from the senate committees. This year there have been brought out 509.

The Senate Moving Slowly.

The senate is moving very slowly. Its members are in no hurry to dispose of the remaining house bills on the calendar until they have some definite information as to what is to become of their bills in the house. Two years ago, when the legisla- [illegible] were left on the house calendar. The senators claim that they are entitled to the same consideration the house has received at their hands, and they do not propose to concur in the joint resolution for a final adjournment until all their bills have been acted upon. The senate is an easy going body, and its members are willing to stay here until the middle of June, if necessary, to secure final consideration in the house of their pet measures.

Chairman Marshall, of the house appropriations committee, expects to report next Thursday about forty appropriation bills for state institutions. They will aggregate about $4,500,000, a heavy reduction over two years ago. The managers of the state institutions have hitherto received a lot of extras that they will not get this year.

Discussing appropriations it might be said that there is very little hope for any of the institutions, other than those supported wholly by the state, that are now seeking aid. There has been no brightening of the cloudy financial sky so far as the state government is concerned. It may be that after everything has been considered and the accounts gone over carefully that there may remain a very little to be divided among the semi-state institutions, but it will be so little that it will not be a drop in the bucket.

Nothing has yet been done by the legislature to increase the state revenues. The house ways and means committee will report tomorrow the Cochrane bill taxing brewers twenty-four cents a barrel for all beer brewed or sold within the state. This would raise an annual revenue of about $900,000. If such a law is passed nothing can be realized from it for a year.

Opposing the Beer Tax Bill.

This beer tax bill has created one or two commotions in the house. The latest occurred last Thursday night, when an attempt was made to get the bill out of the hands of the committee on ways and means. Chairman Ritter objected, however, and the proposition failed, on the ground that it was not the fault of the committee that the bill had not been considered. The proposition is to tax domestic beer sixteen cents per barrel. It is also proposed to tax foreign beer—that is, all beer that comes from Rochester, Cincinnati, Milwaukee or Canada—a similar amount.

When the remarkable decline in the state's revenues were first announced and the proposition was made to cut down the school appropriation the grangers immediately raised a cry and declared that this was unnecessary, inasmuch as the loss in revenue could be made up by imposing a tax on beer. A bill to this effect was already before the house, having been introduced by Representative Cookran, of Armstrong, but it hung fire in committee. The grangers immediately began to agitate its passage. They sent committees to interview the governor, and formed temporary organizations to push the scheme.

Behind it all lay this fact, that if the school appropriation was reduced they would be compelled to increase their local taxation for school purposes. It is not likely that anything will be done with the matter. It will frighten the brewers and others interested in the production of beer, and that will be all. The stumbling block in the whole measure is the injustice of its dealings, should it become a law, to the Pennsylvania brewers.

So far as known there is no way in which the tax can be saddled on the brewer in Milwaukee shipping beer into Pennsylvania. He could claim protection under the original package act of the United States government, and there the matter would end. It is now proposed to let them ship their products in original packages and then tax it after it gets in. No decision has been rendered on the subject by any competent authority and is not likely to be until final action is taken on the measure.

The New Revenue Bill.

The new revenue bill will be considered next Thursday on second reading. Chairman Ritter, of the ways and means committee has the measure in charge, and has names of members who have amendments which they intend to offer so hand [illegible] to him, so that they may be submitted to the committee.

There have been so many conflicting interests to be considered in this direction that it can be predicted that there will be the hottest kind of a fight over the various provisions. Members from the rural districts will raise the cry, which has been raised so often before, that the farmers are being oppressed to the benefit of the corporations. But the men who have given the closest attention to this, and who have looked after the interest of the farmer as well as the interest of the manufacturer, claim that the revenue bill which comes out, as the result of the best thought of the tax conference, is by long odds the most equitable and perfect bill that has seen the light of day in Pennsylvania in recent years.

It is expected that the house will consider this week on second reading the numerous local and special bills which have been lingering in committee and on the calendars for a long time. The bill creating the office of deputy auditor general and two traction measures will be considered in the house on third reading and final passage tomorrow morning on special orders.

During the week the friends of the Flinn road bill, and the measure put in by Representative Smiley will endeavor to agree upon a bill satisfactory to both parties. It looks now as if there might be some road legislation this session. There will also be a conference during the week on the two bills changing the method of distributing the school appropriation.

The Porter School Bill Muddle.

The Porter school bill abolishing sectional school boards in Philadelphia, on which a hearing will be given tomorrow evening, is doomed to defeat unless its friends can rescue it from the hands of the house committee on municipal corporations. In the first place it is conceded that a mistake was made in referring it to this committee; that instead of going to the committee on municipal corporations it should have gone to the committee on education. The friends of the bill claim that it was sent to the committee on municipal corporations by design and for the purpose of encompassing its defeat.

Speaker Walton was absent for several days last month and in his absence called Representative P. M. Lytle, of Huntingdon, to the chair. It was the latter gentleman who referred this bill to the committee on municipal corporations, and upon whose shoulders there has rested the charge of design in referring it. Mr. Lytle explains that he referred it to the municipal corporations committee because it was so marked by Speaker's Clerk Huhn, on whose judgment he relied, and Mr. Huhn declares that he referred it to the committee on municipal corporations, instead of to the committee on education, because it had been referred to that committee in the senate, and he supposed it should go to the same committee in the house.

An interesting compilation of street passenger railway, electric and traction power bills in house and senate has been made. It shows that there are just fourteen of these bills in the house and senate. One failed last week, four have passed second reading in the house, three are on third reading in the house, one has been substituted, two have passed the house finally, two still hang fire in the committee on street passenger railways in the house, and one is now in a committee of the senate.

To Banquet the Legislators.

The members will mix pleasure with work this week. Tomorrow the association of country newspaper editors in the senate and house will tender a banquet to the eighteen legislative correspondents. The following evening Chris L. Magee will probably give a banquet to the members of both branches in honor of the approval of the greater Pittsburg bills. The intention is to hold the banquet on the evening of the day on which the three annexation bills receive Governor Hastings' signature. It is believed the governor will sign them on Wednesday, and not later than Thursday.

It is still probable to be determined this week whether or not Philadelphia is to be "Laxowed." The senate judiciary general committee is expected to take final action tomorrow evening on the Penrose resolution for a senate committee to investigate the municipal affairs of the Quaker city. The same afternoon the opponents of the proposed investigation will be given a hearing by the committee. There will be more surprises in store for senators on both sides of this question. There are senators who are counted on one side who will vote on the other, and vice versa. All newspaper estimates as to how the fight will result in committee are pure conjecture. One thing is certain, that the opposition is stronger than anyone has dreamed of, and it is pretty broadly hinted on what seems substantial grounds that unless Senator Quay gives orders that the resolution be passed it will run a very doubtful course.

Everybody is waiting to hear from Senator Quay. He has been expected here for a month. Last week a close friend said he had decided to remain away from the state capital during the legislative session. It is now stated on the highest authority that the senator will come to Harrisburg for a few days after the senate has disposed of the Penrose resolution. Senator Quay will spend the summer at his home at Beaver. W

Your Physical Condition.

Needs attention at this time. If you are tired, weak and nervous, it is clear that your blood is impure, and without doubt there has been too much over-work or strain on brain and body. The course of treatment for such a condition is plain and simple. The blood must first be purified so that the nervous system, and in fact all the organs will be fed upon pure blood. Intelligent people without number have testified that the best blood purifier, nerve tonic and strength imparting medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Nervousness, loss of sleep and general debility all vanish when Hood's Sarsaparilla is persistently taken; in a word, health and happiness follow after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Have you ever noticed how your system seems to crave special assistance in the spring? Just the help required is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Yield not to misfortune."

I was afflicted with catarrh last autumn. During the month of October I could neither taste or smell and could hear but little. Ely's Cream Balm cured it.—Marcus Geo. Shautz, Rahway, N. J.

I suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since a boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Ely's Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill. Cream Balm is agreeable.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

Will be sold at Public Sale on the Premises, on

Saturday, May 18, 1895,

The Real Estate of Emily M. Hellings deceased, situate in Bristol, Pa.

The property contains a front on Bath street of twenty-eight feet, with a depth of two hundred and eighty feet, extending back to the Mill race, adjoining properties of Eagle G. Smith and Sarah Ann Fenton.

On the Bath street front stands a good 3½ story frame dwelling, the main house being 20x18 feet, with frame back building 14x30 feet and contains eleven rooms.

On the rear end of the lot fronting the Mill race is a 2½ story frame dwelling 16x24 feet, with enclosed shed attached, and contains seven rooms.

This property is favorably located on one of the principal business streets of the town and is well worthy the attention of buyers.

The property will be divided or sold all together to suit purchaser.

Sale to commence at two o'clock in the afternoon when the conditions will be made known.

JESSE HELLINGS, Executor.

GERMEA For Breakfast prepared from California White Wheat. Delicious, Economical. Grocers sell it. The John T. Cutting Co., 152 Duane St. N.Y.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, May 6, 1895.

Cotton Dress Stuffs

Counters thronged; scissors capering like mad. Told about 'em Monday; people commenced coming right through the rain—the charming new cottons price-lessened just in the nick of time for you. A reduction now is doubly welcome—you've known such savings only at a season's fag end. Cheap cottons and exclusive cottons. A hint of the best sorts:

200 styles Indian Dimity, 25c.
Printed Brilliantine, 25c.
20 styles printed self-figured Pique, 20c.
Broche Batiste, 35 styles, 35c.

French Cottons.

100 styles Organdies at 25c.
50 styles printed Mousseline d'Inde, 35c.
25 styles Dotted Swiss, 50c,
50 styles printed Pidues, 50c.

A Trio of Dress Stuffs

Each success a stepping-stone to something better; the makers have crowned their season's work by some charming little color plays in easy-priced dress stuffs. Here's a word of three:

Cheviot Brilliants, $1

Woolen mingles with threads of bright silk darting in and out. Eight blends. 40 inch.

Check Brilliants, 75c.

Tinest of checks of yarns and parti-colored silks. Ten combinations. 75c. 38 inch.

Novelty Cheviots, 75c.

No silk in them—mingles of light and dark wools—with a cobwebby surface. Nine colorings. 50 inch, 75c.

Salt-Water Serge

You can't get the color out even with soda. They're made in Bradford, England; springy crispiness that won't crush or crease. Five qualities in navy and black:

42 inch, 55c.
44 inch, 65, 75 and 85c.
47 inch, $1.
Cardinal and cream—42 inch, 60c; 44 inch, 85c.

Sheets and Pillow Cases

You can figure exactly the savings, for we give you the quantity of muslin used in each—it seems handier than telling you how big they are when finished. You know that. Made by sewers more deft at running seams and hemming than you can be; machines whizzed by electricity—no wonder you get best work for next to nothing.

12,000 bleached Pillow Cases, muslin, 46x36 inches, 12½c; the 18c kind.

Ready-made Pillow Cases of good bleached muslin:
43x36 in., 5c.
45x36 in., 6c.
50x36 in., 7c.
54x36 in., 8c.

Ready-made bleached Pillow Cases of standard muslins.
42x36 in., 12c.
45x38½ in., 14c, 16c, 19c, 22c, 25c.
50x36 in., 12½c.
50x38½ in., 28c, 28c.
54x38½ in., 18c, 24c, 26c, 30c.

Ready-made bleached Bolster Cases, fine heavy muslin:
42x72 in., 24c.
42x76½ in., 28c, 24c, 25c, 35c.
45x76½ in., 25c, 26c, 38c.
50x81 in., 45c.

Ready-made bleached Sheets, good grades of muslin:
54x 90 in., 30c, 35c, 40c, 55c.
72x 90 in., 40c, 45c, 65c, 70c, 75c.
81x 99 in., 48c, 50c, 55c, 70c, 75c
90x 90 in., 50c, 55c, 60c, 80c, 85c.
90x 99 in., 65c, 97c.
99x108 in., 99c.

Ready-made unbleached Sheets:
81x90 in., 45c.
90x90 in., 50c.

Ready-made unbleached Pillow Cases:
40½x36 in., 8c.
45 x36 in., 10c.

Art Needlework

Hundreds and hundreds of pretty time-consuming conceits for luxurious stay-at-homes and for Summer outers; more hundreds of not less pretty, but more practical pieces for general home adornment. Begun work; stamping; materials, and lessons for those who don't know and for those who do know but want the latest hints:

Denim Cushion Tops, tinted, 25c.
Denim Table Covers, tinted, 50c.
Duck Table Covers, tinted, 20c.
Colored Momie Linen Cushion Covers, with ruffles, stamped; $1.35c.
Colored Momie Linen Table Covers, stamped, $1.50.
Japanese Silk Sofa Cushions, yellow, light blue, red, copper, nile, with gold embroidery, $1.90.
Japanese Silk Table Covers, with gold embroidery, $3 to $8.
Japanese Silk Scarfs, with gold embroidery, 75c to $5.
Creton Head Rests, 12c.
Steamer and Boating Pillows, $2.75.

Shoes

Widening the space hasn't thinned the throng—more and more of you have interested yourselves in the shoe economy and shoe goodness of the staid old store. We began modestly by selling shoes as well as other folks did—best we knew then; but no journeyman ever studied shoes as we have to learn how to better them.

The Summer stock is perfect and ready. Colored Shoes for men, women and children. Judge by them of our mastery of the business. A windowful of the new Linen Shoes for big and little people hint of a hot-weather comfort that's waiting for you.

Books

The fair selling of books is next best to doubling the nation's school-houses. The undertaking looked almost hopeless when we started—books were housed like monks and priced like curios. Great publishing houses existed on large profits from small editions; the millions would'nt buy their books; they bought nothing of the only commercially-measured literature—the flashy-covered novel.

To-day books are sold as dry goods or coffee, by the value born of supply and demand—writers fare better and grow more widely known; the printing presses whir the faster. Books are cheap; sometimes next to nothing.

Ask for Special Bargain Catalogue No. 3.

Book News for May

The book buyer's friend is ready; frontispiece is a plate-paper portrait of Capt. Charles King. Forty pages full of unbiased book news. 5c or 50c a year; the wonder is how so much can be given for so little.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Notice.

THE MERCHANTS' AND MECHANICS' Building Association, of Bristol, Pa., will issue an Eighth Series of its Capital Stock at the Town Hall, at eight o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, May 28, 1895. Application for Stock should be made to

JOHN C. STUCKERT, Secretary.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co

BRISTOL, PA., May 7, 1895.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS have this day declared a dividend of EIGHT PER CENT, payable on demand, clear of all taxes.

CHARLES E SCOTT, Cashier.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania at the close of business, March 5th, 1895.

RESOURCES.		
Loans and discounts		$510,777 39
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		40,000 00
U. S. Bonds on hand		6,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		629 78
Stocks, securities, etc		54,433 40
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures		9,500 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)		5,624 73
Due from approved reserve agents		20,808 95
Checks and other cash items		1,404 06
Notes of other National Banks		1,276 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		92 13
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK VIZ:		
Specie	$48,960 00	
Legal tender notes	27,440 00	76,400 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)		1,800 00
TOTAL		$728,707 04

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	$ 92 220 00
Surplus fund	120,000 00
[illegible] taxes paid	10,587 94
National Bank notes outstanding	29,060 00
Due to other National Banks	12,114 67
Dividends unpaid	290 40
Individual deposits subject to check	464,433 83
TOTAL	$728,707 04

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss:

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 8th day of March, 1895.

W. H. BOOZ, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
BENJ. J. TAYLOR,
L. A. HOGUET, } Directors
G. A. SHOEMAKER,

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of EMILY M L. HELLINGS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

JESSE HELLINGS, Executor,
Or his Attorney, Dover, Del
JOHN C. STUCKERT.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of JOSHUA BURTON, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

ANNA M. BURTON, Executrix.
Or, JOHN C. STUCKERT, Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CATHARINE McGILL, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

LETTERS testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

REV. CHAS. J. VANDEGRIFT, Executor.
Or, GILKESON & WRIGHT, Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY ANN ADAMS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

JOHN C. STUCKERT, Administrator.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY STRONG, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks Co., Pa.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

REV. C. J. VANDEGRIFT, Executor.
Or, A. WEIR GILKESON, his Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of WILLIAM E. JEFFRIES, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

PHŒBE JEFFRIES, Executrix.
GILKESON & WRIGHT, Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of THOMAS B. DOUGLASS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them in proper order for settlement, without delay, to

SERRILL DOUGLASS, Administrator.
Or, MERSHON BROS., Attorneys, 1416 Chestnut St., Phila.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ALBERT BAKER, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

M. KATE BAKER, Administratrix.
Or GILKESON & WRIGHT, Attorneys.

NOTICE.

To the Taxpayers of Bucks County.

In pursuance of an Act of Assembly, entitled an Act relating to the collection of STATE and COUNTY TAXES in the county of Bucks, approved March 29, 1859, and also for the collection of DOG TAX, the County Treasurer will meet the Taxpayers of said county, at the following times and places, to receive the taxes assessed for the present year 1895:

BENSALEM TOWNSHIP—Trappe, Monday, May 20, at S. C. Worthington's hotel
BENSALEM TOWNSHIP—Andalusia, Tuesday, May 21, at L. O. T. Hall's hotel
BRISTOL TOWNSHIP—Newportville, Wednesday, May 22 at George Boehmler's hotel
HULMEVILLE BOROUGH—Thursday, May 23, at John Johnson's store
FALLS TOWNSHIP—Fallsington, Friday, May 24, at John Severn's hotel.
TULLYTOWN BOROUGH—Saturday, May 25, at Henry Lovett's hotel.
BRISTOL BOROUGH—First Ward, Monday, May 27, at William Fine's hotel.
BRISTOL BOROUGH—Second Ward, Tuesday, May 28 at Fred King's store.
BRISTOL BOROUGH—Third Ward, Wednesday, May 29, at the Closson House.
BRISTOL BOROUGH—Fourth Ward, Friday, May 31, at James Blanche's restaurant.
BRISTOL BOROUGH AND TOWNSHIP—Saturday, June 1, at William Fine's hotel, Bristol
MORRISVILLE BOROUGH—Monday, June 3, at John Hellings' hotel
YARDLEY BOROUGH—Tuesday, June 4, at Aaron Slack's hotel
LOWER MAKEFIELD TOWNSHIP—Edgewood, Wednesday, June 5, at John W. Parker's store.
LANGHORNE MANOR BOROUGH—Thursday, June 6, at J. S. Wright's hotel.
MIDDLETOWN TOWNSHIP—Friday, June 7, at J. S. Wright's hotel.
LANGHORNE BOROUGH—Saturday, June 8, at Louis Steeble's hotel
NEWTOWN BOROUGH—Monday, June 10, at Sipron C. Keith's hotel.
NEWTOWN BOROUGH—Tuesday, June 11, at Sipron C. Keith's hotel
NEWTOWN TOWNSHIP—Wednesday, June 12, at Wentworth's store.
WRIGHTSTOWN TOWNSHIP—Thursday, June 13, at Edward Tomlinson's hotel
UPPER MAKEFIELD TOWNSHIP—Friday, June 14, at Anna E. Harvey's store.
NORTHAMPTON TOWNSHIP—Richboro, Saturday, June 15, at Edward H. Roberts' hotel
NORTHAMPTON TOWNSHIP—Richboro, Monday, June 17, at Edward H Roberts' hotel.
SOUTHAMPTON TOWNSHIP—Feasterville, Tuesday, June 18, at E. H Hogeland's Hotel.
WARWICK TOWNSHIP—Jamison, Wednesday, June 19, at Albert E. Ramsey's hotel.
WARMINSTER TOWNSHIP—Thursday, June 20, at Charles T Dager's Hotel.
WARRINGTON TOWNSHIP—Frog Hollow, Friday, June 21, at Mahlon Keller's Hotel
DOYLESTOWN TOWNSHIP—Turk, Saturday, June 22, at Samuel Leatherman's hotel.
BUCKINGHAM TOWNSHIP—Centreville, Monday, June 24, at John R. Righter's hotel.
BUCKINGHAM TOWNSHIP—Lahaska, Tuesday, June 25, at Edward Rorer's hotel.
SOLEBURY TOWNSHIP—Centre Bridge, Wednesday, June 26, at Charles Bowlby's hotel.
SOLEBURY TOWNSHIP—Carversville, Thursday, June 27, at James Blaccy's hotel
NEW HOPE BOROUGH—Friday, June 28, at M. A. VanHart's hotel
NEW BRITAIN TOWNSHIP—Chalfont, Saturday, June 29, at Irwin Kelter's Hotel.
HILLTOWN TOWNSHIP—Mount Pleasant, Monday, July 1, at Hunsberger's hotel.
HILLTOWN TOWNSHIP—Blooming Glen, Tuesday, July 2, at Jos F Gerhart's hotel.
HILLTOWN TOWNSHIP—Dublin, Wednesday, July 3, at [illegible] D Yoder's store.
PLUMSTEAD TOWNSHIP—Gardenville, Friday, July 5, at Enos Weiss' hotel.
PLUMSTEAD TOWNSHIP—Plumsteadville, Saturday, July 6, at A. O. Myers hotel
BEDMINSTER TOWNSHIP—Bedminsterville, Monday, July 8, at Edwin K Beer's hotel.
BEDMINSTER—Pipersville, Tuesday, July 9, at E. M. Berkenstock's hotel.
TINICUM TOWNSHIP—Red Hill, Wednesday, July 10, at Thomas C Harple's hotel.
TINICUM TOWNSHIP—Erwinna, Thursday, July 11, at Calvin C. Bryan's hotel.
NOCKAMIXON TOWNSHIP—Bucksville, Friday, July 12, at John H. Mickel's hotel.
NOCKAMIXON TOWNSHIP—Kintnersville, Saturday, July 13, at Franklin Adams' hotel
BRIDGETON TOWNSHIP—Monday, July 15, at John E Cochoran's hotel
DURHAM TOWNSHIP—Riegelsville, Tuesday, July 16 at Central Hotel.
SPRINGFIELD TOWNSHIP—Bursonville, Wednesday, July 17, at Thomas Och's hotel
SPRINGFIELD TOWNSHIP—Pleasant Valley, Thursday, July 18, at H. Eisenhart's hotel.
RICHLAND TOWNSHIP—California, Friday, July 19, at C. F. Richards' hotel.
RICHLANDTOWN BOROUGH—Saturday, July 20, at Milton B. Kline's hotel.
MILFORD TOWNSHIP—Trumbauersville, Monday, July 22, at Samuel K. Hager's hotel.
MILFORD TOWNSHIP—Milford Square, Tuesday, July 23, at Menno Clemmer's hotel.
HAYCOCK TOWNSHIP—Applebachsville, Wednesday, July 24, at Reed Laubenstine's hotel.
QUAKERTOWN BOROUGH—First Ward, Thursday, July 25, at P. K. Gable's hotel.
QUAKERTOWN BOROUGH—Second Ward, Friday, July 26, at H. K. Souder's hotel.
QUAKERTOWN BOROUGH—Third Ward, Saturday, July 27, at Milton D. Tice's hotel.
PERKASIE BOROUGH—Monday, July 29, at E. H. Myers' hotel.
TELFORD BOROUGH—Tuesday, July 30, at [illegible]
ROCKHILL TOWNSHIP—Schlichters, Wednesday, July 31, at S. S Smith's hotel.
SELLERSVILLE BOROUGH—Thursday, August 1, at A. W Reiff's hotel.
ROCKHILL TOWNSHIP—Benjamin, Friday, August 2, at H. K. Hunsberger's hotel
DOYLESTOWN BOROUGH—At the Treasurer's office, Doylestown, Bucks county, until August 21, 1895.

Will be at the above named places from 9 o'clock A. M. until 4 o'clock P. M. Important correspondence to receive attention must be accompanied by postage for reply, and in all cases the district wherein the property is located must be definitely given. Communications with money for taxes will not be received at Treasurer's office after August 21.

Five per cent. added to State Tax not paid by August 1.

Five per cent. abatement on County Tax paid on or before August 21.

In pursuance to instructions received by me from the Auditor General, Storekeepers and others will please take notice, that all Mercantile Licenses not paid to me by July 1 will be placed in the hands of a Justice of the Peace to be collected according to law. HENRY B. BANES,

April 25, 1895-6t. County Treasurer.

Record Breaking Prices
For Spring of '95.

7 Pansies or Daisies, ... 25c
7 Verbenas and Phlox, ... 25c
13 Heliotropes and Geraniums, $1.00
Rose Bushes, 10c each; $1.00 per doz

Thousands of other plants equally as cheap.

Until May 10th each purchaser of $1 worth of blooming plants will receive a beautiful present.

Parsley, Salad and Radishes for the table.

Fresh cut Roses, Carnations, and Sweet Peas at bottom prices.

My vegetable plants for the garden are very fine. Cucumber, Cabbage, Pepper, Egg and Tomato plants are all transplanted. Tomatoes are in bloom and many of them have Tomatoes set on the plants.

Plant now.

Gardening done in all its branches.

J. T. DeWITT,
POND STREET,
Between Penn and Walnut.

The Tariff On Watches

Remains the same. Watches are neither higher nor lower on account of the tariff, but we have recently purchased, for cash, a large stock of Ladies' and Gent's Gold, Silver and Gold-Filled Cases, more than we wish to carry in stock, at very much below the market price, which we offer at greatly reduced prices. They are fitted up with Waltham, Elgin and Rockford movement.

We also have a good stock of Gorham Sterling Silver and Rogers' Silver-Plated Ware.

A. E. BAYLIES,
307 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

Farms & Houses
FOR SALE AND TO RENT.

Rents and all Other Bills Collected.

EDW. N. BOOZ,
No. 10 Wood Street, Bristol, Pa.

We would not have expended

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS

doing galvanizing, for which we made no extra charge had there not been merit in it. Galvanizing consists in coating the strong but most perishable (in thin sheets) metal steel with the almost indestructible (even when very thin) metal zinc and aluminum. If there were not great merit in galvanizing, no one would pay ½ more for galvanized barbed wire or sheet iron than unpainted coats. If we were making painted windmills to-day, we should furnish an

8 Ft. for $15

That is a good price for an 8 foot painted windmill. WE BUILD FOR THE AGES. WE WOULD NOT SELL YOU A POOR, PAINTED WHEEL, NOR ONE MADE OF METAL GALVANIZED BEFORE BEING PUT TOGETHER, IF YOU WOULD PAY US DOUBLE PRICE FOR IT. We build the best we know, and knowing that painted thin sheets are practically worthless, we have nothing to do with them. The enormous cost of preparing to do galvanizing, and of doing it well on a large scale, deters others. SOME BUY GALVANIZED SHEETS AND PUNCH AND SHEAR AND MAKE THEM UP AFTERWARD. WHEELS OR VANES MADE OF GALVANIZED SHEETS RUST OUT FIRST AROUND THE RIVETS, JOINTS, AND EDGES, AND ARE, THEREFORE, NOT SO GOOD AS PAINTED ONES. *How any concern can get our prices for painted windmills and painted towers, or those made up of galvanized material, cut, sheared and punched after the galvanizing is done, can only be explained by the fact that people who buy them are ignorant of the value of galvanizing.* We now galvanize everything after it is completed, even bolts and nuts. We galvanize with the most improved processes and in the most perfect and [illegible] manner.

The process: When a section of an Aermotor Wheel is all riveted up, completed and cleaned of rust and impurities, it is immersed in melted zinc and aluminum and left there until it becomes as hot as that metal, and until every crack, cranny, crevice, pore and opening of every sort is filled, closed up and saturated with the molten metal and the whole is welded and welded together as one piece, then you have something that is strong, enduring and reliable. It is expensive to do, and small doers cannot afford to do it. We keep 60 tons of zinc and aluminum melted from one year's end to another. *The silvery white coating which fills every pore and covers every portion of the Aermotor Wheel, Vane and Tower, is zinc and aluminum when it is first put on, but after a time, forms, with the steel, a chemical combination or alloy, which cannot be melted and is practically indestructible.* In our previous ad we talked of prices of wind-mills, towers, etc. and as an illustration of what we could do in the way of REDESIGNING AN OLD ARTICLE AND PUTTING IT IN INFINITELY SUPERIOR SHAPE AT A RIDICULOUSLY SMALL PRICE, ANNOUNCED THE OFFER OF AN ALL-STEEL VERY SUPERIOR FEED CUTTER, WORTH $40 AT PRICES GO, AT $10. IN OUR NEXT AD. WE SHALL OFFER YOU SOMETHING OF STILL GREATER INTEREST. Aermotor Co., Chicago.

Groceries
In Great Variety and CHEAP

AT FOSTER'S.

Especial care is taken to constantly have on hand the finest BUTTER, TEAS, COFFEES and SPICES that the market affords.

Fruits and Vegetables in Season.

Edward H. Foster,
The DORRANCE STREET GROCER.

COAL

Highest Grades of

FAMILY FLOUR

FEED, ETC.

—Wood, Lime and Brick,—

Grass Seeds.

PIONEER COAL YARD,

(Established 1837.)

Walter F. Leedom,

529 to 535 Bath St.,
BRISTOL, PA

MINSTER & BAKER,

(Successors to Strœble & Son.)

DEALERS IN

UPPER LEHIGH, LATIMER and HAZLETON

COAL

WOOD, FLOUR, FEED, ETC.

Office: Bath & Otter Sts.

☞ Orders received at E.W. Minster's Livery Office, Pond Street, near P. R. R. Depot.

W. E. Doron,

Corner of Radcliffe and Market Streets,

BRISTOL, PA.

Best Lehigh

COAL

In the Market.

Lumber

By car load, at Wholesale Prices.

Robert Clark,

Upholsterer and Cabinet Maker,

No. 28 Radcliffe St.

Furniture Repaired, Upholstered, Carpets sewed and laid, Carpets taken up and cleaned, Mattresses renovated, Window Shades made to order, Chairs re-caned, packing of Furniture, and Repairing promptly and satisfactorily attended to.

Burton's Express.

Jobs of Hauling

of every description, and at prices to suit the times.

Furniture handled with care.

Orders left at the Telephone Office or GAZETTE Office will be attended to promptly.

THE HARDWARE DEALER.

A MAGAZINE brim full of practical ideas from hardware men. The cream of 1000 brains. 116 pages. Only $1 a year. Sample copy free. D. T. MALLET, Pub., 78 Reade St., New York.

Cholerine Mixture

is an old and valuable Medicine for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery and other troubles of the intestines.

Every family should have it in case of sudden attacks.

50c. a bottle —at— Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

ECONOMICAL —INK—

Barbour's Tablet Ink possesses many advantages over the best liquid ink and is sold at a lower price. Dissolve a tablet in water and you get a dead black, permanent ink, that flows freely, does not gum, leaves no sticky, mussy sediment in the ink well, does not corrode the pen. You make it as you want it. If you buy it and don't like it, send it back and we'll return your money.

For fifteen cents, we will send enough tablets to make half a pint of combined writing and copying ink.

For fifty cents, we will send enough tablets to make a gallon of the best "school" ink you ever saw. School ink won't copy

65 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Andrews School Furnishing Company

C. J. PATTON,

Wholesale and retail dealer in

BEST BRANDS OF

Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c.

No. 6 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.,

We are in receipt of the following brands of cigars from our factory, 510 1st district. "CIGARROS", guaranteed full Havana filler Sumatra wrapper.

Specialties of P. LORRILARD & CO'S, WILSON & McCULLAY'S, BUCHANAN & LYALL'S Plug and Cut Tobaccos

NORTH STAR.

And other brands of superior, Cut Tobacco on hand in large quantities.

[illegible] The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market.

"THE CAPTAIN." The same price and equally good in quality.

"DELICIOSOS," Seed and Havana, Connecticut binder, and Sumatra wrapper.

Give the above brands a trial. Guaranteed to be as represented or no sale. Give them a trial and you will always buy

Prices guaranteed to compete with any wholesale house in Philadelphia or New York. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

B. C. FOSTER,
Watchmaker & Jeweler,

Cor. Mill and Wood Sts., BRISTOL, PA.

Has constantly on hand all the new designs in

Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silverware,

Spectacles & Eyeglasses, Black Enamel, Walnut and Oak Clocks.

☞ Particular attention given to Repairing Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work done at home and warranted to give satisfaction.

SAMUEL W. BLACK,

DEALER IN

FINE ∵ GROCERIES!

FRUITS AND PROVISIONS.

TEAS and COFFEES a Specialty

Goods Delivered Promptly.

YOUR TRADE SOLICITED.

COR. OF RADCLIFFE & MILL STS.,
BRISTOL, PA.

John T. Thorne,
Paper Hanger,

And Dealer in——

WALL PAPERS.

All ordinary Papers hung at the uniform price of

10c a Piece.

311 Market Street, Bristol, Pa.

FREDERICK KING,

DEALER IN

—HEADLIGHT AND OTHER OILS,—

LAMPS AND FIXTURES.

CONFECTIONERY

Corner Pond and Dorrance Sts., BRISTOL, PA.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter

THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1895.

I HAVE LOVED A STAR.

I loved you, love you, shall love to the end.
A man's life is not much for such as you.
If I had more sweet, I would gladly spend
The bitter all and rob God of his due.

You do not understand—you hold love less
Than men hold friendship or than women truth.
I gave my best, and of sheer wantoness
Pledged the unvalued jewel of my youth.

Yet take the last word and be well content.
I would not have you other than you are.
For such as you twere weakness to repent.
All men have loved, but I have loved a star.
—Pall Mall Budget.

FIVE BLACK MARKS.

"The most miserable time I ever had in my life," said Dr. Macpherson one day as we sat chatting in his cozy drawing room, "was spent in a gunboat off the coast of Guinea. I began my professional life as a surgeon in the navy, you know."

I did not know. But as the doctor seemed intent on telling the story I did not interrupt him by saying so.

"We had been cruising about in the Mediterranean," he went on, "when we were unexpectedly ordered to the bay of Lagos to overawe some miserable little tribe near the coast which had not been behaving itself as a properly regulated little tribe under the protection of the British empire ought to do. Kakoga's tribe it was called, and Kakoga came in for a good share of honest abuse from the officers and men of the Dragonfly when our orders came. The worst of it was, as far as the officers and men were concerned, that we were not at unity among ourselves. The engineer, called Lashton, had been disappointed in love and was naturally morose in consequence. What made him more so was the fact that his successful rival was the sublieutenant, an awfully nice fellow and the only man on board that I cared for. Lieutenant Gilby had met Miss Callan at Malta and had become engaged to her without the least idea that the engineer had intentions that way, not that it would have made any difference to him if he had, I suppose. Lashton's unconcealed enmity against him made life on board pretty unpleasant and divided us into two cliques. The lieutenant's clique, consisting of himself and me, certainly had the liveliest time of it, for the successful suitor of Miss Callan was the merriest fellow on earth, and while we were in the Mediterranean we suffered very little from the engineer's hostility. But directly we steamed off for Lagos a most remarkable change came over my friend, and he turned as taciturn as Lashton himself.

"It puzzled me to discover the reason, for though we were all sorry to leave the Mediterranean still it was not like Gilby to sulk over it. He could not see less of his fiancee than he had been doing for two or three months, and we had the prospect before us of a small fight, for which he had been wishing. Lashton suggested to me in his sinister way that it was the prospect of fighting which caused the change in my friend, and though I answered the suggestion in the tone it deserved still it seemed the only explanation.

"Gilby said, when I asked him, that it was the weather, and the irritation with which he answered prevented me continuing my inquiries and made me more than ever convinced that it was 'funk,' and a very severe form of the disease too. In fact, he took very little pains to conceal it.

"'I hope to goodness that I shall not have to go on shore,' he said when we had nearly reached our destination. 'I wish the commander would lead the party and leave me here to look after the ship.'

"'It is not likely,' I answered gruffly, and I was glad that Lashton was not about to overhear him. I answered his next question more gruffly still.

"'I suppose you would not like to certify I ought to be on the sick list, would you, Macpherson?' he asked me hesitatingly.

"I refused flatly.

"If he had told me the true reason of his fear, I might have acted differently, for he looked ill enough, poor fellow! His face had grown quite white and wan since we started.

"It looked whiter still next day when he had to go in command of the landing party, which I accompanied, of course.

"When we were fairly embarked on the enterprise, his one idea seemed to be to get it over with all possible speed, and the haste with which he advanced to Kakoga's country would have been impossible if the men under him had not themselves been so anxious to get into action and introduce a little change into the monotony of life on a gunboat.

"However, the change was less than the majority of the bluejackets hoped for; the miserable little tribe did not show fight, and our business was soon accomplished. In five days from the time we left the Dragonfly we were back again, none the worse for our trip, except that we were all worn out by Gilby's forced marches.

"The lieutenant seemed more exhausted than any of us, and as soon as he had received the congratulations of the commander he retired at once to his berth. What surprised me was that his spirits did not show any improvement after the chance of fighting was at an end. It seemed to me as if he were still expecting some calamity to happen to him, and I began to wonder whether there might not be something seriously wrong with his health to account for all that had surprised me in his manner. This explanation, which had not occurred to me while there was any real danger, struck me forcibly now that we were safe on the gunboat, and as soon as I had enjoyed the luxury of a bath after my five days of discomfort I strolled down to the lieutenant's cabin to have a look at him in the new light of a patient.

"The door of my friend's cabin was ajar as I approached it, and when I glanced into the room before knocking I was surprised to catch sight of Engineer Lashton standing by the side of the lieutenant's bunk.

"The fact of Lashton's enmity for my friend was so undisputed that at the sight of his figure in his enemy's cabin I felt quite justified in watching what was going on before making my presence known. Gilby was lying across his bunk, half undressed and apparently fast asleep. The engineer was standing over him with a bottle of some black fluid in his hand. While I watched he made five small marks with it on the sleeping man's arm. The operation seemed such a mysterious and inexplicable one that I watched him till he put the cork back into the bottle without moving a step to interfere with the man, but I pounced upon him as he turned to leave the cabin.

"'What on earth have you been doing?' I asked unceremoniously, and the fellow seemed rather taken aback.

"'It is only a practical joke,' he said, with a feeble attempt to smile unconcernedly.

"'Joke or no joke, I demand to see what is in that bottle,' I said authoritatively, my mind full of mysterious poisons, and the engineer handed it over tamely.

"The bottle contained nothing but ink."

"Ink!" I exclaimed, when the great brain specialist reached this point in his narrative, and Macpherson smiled in the peculiarly quiet way he has when he has perfectly mystified a hearer.

"Yes, ordinary ink," he went on. "The discovery naturally made me feel rather foolish, but not so much as it would have done if I had not been convinced still that his action was in some way a malicious one. What his idea could be, however, it was impossible for me to divine, and I felt so curious about it that I should have roused my friend at once to inquire how five black marks on his arm could possibly affect his happiness if he had not looked so thoroughly worn out and in need of sleep. As soon as Lashton was gone I left the cabin at once for fear of disturbing the sleeper, without stopping even to try to remove the ink stains, a piece of stupidity at which I have not ceased to wonder. You see, it was impossible for me to guess how desperately serious the plot was that the engineer had formed against the man whom he considered his rival. I retired to my own cabin opposite Gilby's, keeping the door open to make sure that Lashton did not return to do more mischief, but I made a poor sentry. I was tired out, like the young lieutenant, through not having had my proper amount of rest for four nights, and I fell asleep, still wondering about the five black marks.

"When I woke, I do not know how long after, it was to find Gilby standing in my room, half undressed, as I had seen him in his bunk, but with his shirt sleeve buttoned up over the ink stains on his arm. I was too full of sleep, however, to notice the fact at the time or even to remember for the moment anything about what I had seen. Sleepy as I was, I could not help noticing the look of complete misery and despair on my friend's face. He was standing at the side of my bunk, holding an envelope, and when I started up, rubbing my eyes, he put it into my hand.

"'I am glad you are awake, Macpherson,' he said in a strangely constrained tone. 'I wanted to ask you to do me a favor. Will you give this letter to Miss Callan personally when you see her? I do not want to take the risk of sending it by the mail.'

"'But you will see her yourself as soon as I shall,' I said in surprise at the request, and Gilby did not reply. Instead he turned and walked out of the cabin, leaving me staring at the letter in my hand and wondering what it meant. I was so stupid with sleep still that it took me two minutes to think of any explanation at all. When I did, I was out of my bunk and running across to the opposite cabin in a second, just in time, too, for Gilby was in the act of locking his door when I burst it open and rushed in without ceremony. The fact that the young lieutenant's revolver and a couple of letters, one of them addressed to me, were lying on the table served to assure me that my fears were not ungrounded. The first thing I did was to secure the revolver. Then I turned to my friend.

"'What the devil are you going to shoot yourself for?' I demanded bluntly.

"Gilby made no attempt to deny his intention.

"'I am sorry you have disturbed me, Macpherson,' he said, with perfect coolness, 'because it cannot make any difference.'

"'And the reason?' I asked, with interest, for the doctor had paused to light another cigarette. Macpherson blew a whiff of smoke from his mouth and continued his story.

"'I suppose you have never heard of a disease called "Guinea madness?"' he asked, and when I shook my head he went on:

"'Neither had I until Gilby told me about it, although I am a doctor. It is one of those strange diseases that limit themselves luckily to a particular district and is only found among a few tribes along the coast of Guinea. It is generally thought that Europeans cannot take it, but the idea is an erroneous one, or, at any rate, there are exceptions, for Lieutenant Gilby's father died of it when my friend was a boy of 10. His father was captain of a trading vessel, and the lieutenant was accompanying him on a voyage when they called at the Guinea coast. He, therefore, saw his father in all the indescribable agony of the disease, which seems more like hydrophobia than anything else, although it is infectious.

"The sight made a great impression on him, and since his constitution was quite similar to his father's he had always suffered from an almost supernatural terror of the Guinea coast. He was quite persuaded that if he ever went ashore there he would catch the disease and die like his father. Lashton, it seems, was aware of this monomania of his, for it almost amounted to monomania."

"And he had really caught the disease?" I asked.

Macpherson smiled. "He thought he had. The first symptom is the appearance of small black marks on the arm or leg."
—Pall Mall Budget.

JOURNALISM OF THE FUTURE.

Mechanical and Scientific Devices That Will Soon Be Used.

The twentieth century journalist will be too busy to write with his own hand. The stenographer and the typewriter will be his constant companions. To these human and steel machines he will dictate editorials, letters, articles and sketches at the rate of 180 words a minute. The journalist who can most thoroughly master these machines of flesh and metal will be the master of the coming newspaper. The needs of the hour will require lightninglike thought, spontaneous language, ready information and a compact and brilliant style. The man who requires time for thought and action will be crowded out. One man will do the work of three men today. Only the brightest and best will remain on deck. Mediocrity will be thrown overboard.

The manager of a great daily in the course of a few years will be able to utilize certain mechanical and scientific advantages which have not yet been perfected. The printing press of the future, the typesetting machine, the art of rapid picture making and the facilities for gathering news will be greatly improved. Already experts are sending telegraphic messages without the use of wires, and when this method is developed there will be no limit to the collection and transmission of news. The flying machine, or airship, is looming up as a possibility, and the Keely motor is getting on its feet again. Perhaps telepathy will assume a practical shape.

It fatigues the mind to speculate upon the wonders that will be under the control of the newspaper man of the next century, and it goes without saying that, with the facilities at his command, he will make his paper literally "a map of busy life—its fluctuations and vast concerns"—while he will more than realize Puck's boast of putting a girdle around the globe in 40 minutes.

It is not too early to put this forecast on record. There are men now living who will see it fulfilled.—Atlanta Constitution.

National Nicknames.

Englishmen have submitted to the name of John Bull as suited to the national character. A Scotchman is Sandy. The Irishman derives his name, Paddy, from his national patron saint, while an ancient nursery rhyme records the fact that Taffy was a Welshman. English sailors call the Frenchmen, in contempt, Johnny Crapaud, but in France he is Jacques Bonhomme, or, as a bourgeois, M. Prudhomme. Cousin Michel is the name by which the German is known to the continental nation. Mynheer sums up the Dutch, while the Switzer rejoices in the name of Colin Tampon. Don Whiskerandos is almost a national nickname for the Spaniards, dating from Elizabethan times. Italians are known as Lazzaroni and Danes as Danskers.—Current Literature.

"Nosey" Cromwell.

Oliver Cromwell had a head large in proportion to his body; his features were rugged and unprepossessing. He had three or four warts on his face, one being on the side of his nose. He wore a small mustache and imperial, after the fashion of the times. His complexion was bronzed by exposure to the sun, and he had a fiery red nose of generous proportions that gave rise to many nicknames, "The Almighty Nose," "Nosey," "The Copper Nosed Saint," "His Noseship" and "Rosy Nose" being among the least complimentary.

A Wooden Actor.

When Morris had the Haymarket theater, Jerrold had occasion one day to find fault with the strength, or rather the want of strength, of the company. Morris expostulated and said: "Why, there is V. He was bred on these boards!" "He looks as though he had been cut out of them," replied Jerrold.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The leathern apron worn by the blacksmith is mentioned by Pliny as in use in his time.

THE GLACIAL PERIOD

EVIDENCES OF IT TO BE SEEN ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

A Field For the Student of Glacial Phenomena at the Berkeley University. Professor Joseph le Conte Talks Interestingly Upon the Subject.

According to Professor Joseph le Conte, the student of glacial phenomena need not go beyond Berkeley to pursue his studies. Just behind the university, declares the professor, there once existed a glacier which has left behind every evidence of its presence, including a terminal moraine, now vanished, which, he says, the regents are seriously thinking of restoring.

"I never talk about geology," he said, "but some one asks me, 'How long, how many years ago, is it since the glaciers covered the greater part of North America?' Geologists never measure time by years, but by geographical epochs. But, however, the glacier may be said to have reached its greatest development about 200,000 years ago. It is certain that its decline took place not more than 15,000 or 20,000 years ago.

"'Was man alive at that time?' I am also asked. He was. Not while the glacier was at its height, however, but while it was declining, or, that is to say, about 100,000 years ago, in my opinion.

"So it is that the glacial epoch in California dates back to the same time as the great glacier which extended as far south as Pennsylvania, the Ohio and Missouri rivers and thence northward to the Pacific ocean. Its most southern point on the western slope, however, did not extend to California. It stopped almost on the boundary between this state and Oregon and extended northward over a portion of Alaska, not covering it all, mind you, but only the southern portion, where remnants of it still remain.

"California was cut off from the main glacier. She had a private glacier manufactory of her own which covered the Sierra Nevada as far south as 32 degrees south latitude. Every canyon, every valley, every crevice, was filled with ice. In the Tuolumne and Yosemite valleys the glacier was particularly extensive, covering upward of 40 or 50 miles. Evidences of its presence are abundant and more clearly defined than were those of the great glacier, while remnants still remain on many of the Sierra caps, notably Mounts Shasta, Lyell and Ritter.

"Take our Contra Costa hills. They were ice capped and had parts of glaciers wearing grooves along the sides. At Berkeley I have found evidences of glacial action. It came right down Strawberry canyon, wearing the ground smooth along its path, but it had respect for the university and stopped right above it, leaving a terminal moraine, which, forming a dam, soon created a small lake which disappeared when the moraine vanished.

"The regents are seriously thinking of restoring it. They could build right across the creek where the moraine took lodgment and form a lake just like the one that existed there before.

"Let us look at the larger Sierra glaciers—the Yosemite, for instance. The Yosemite valley was filled to the brim with ice. There were no falls there then, and the ice covered everything. If you go riding on horseback over some parts of the valley, you must be careful the animal does not slip, for in many places you will find the rock as smooth and polished as a die, which is evidence of glacial action. Again, you will find bowlders half as big as this room, composed of coarse grained granite, which can be traced back to the very ledge from which they came, miles away. No other power but the glacier could have moved them to their present position.

"Then there was the great Tuolumne glacier, in my opinion the very best of all, covering the whole valley for about 50 miles to a depth of from 1,000 to 2,000 feet. It touched upon Mount Lyell, Mount Gibbs and Mount Warren, all of which were tributary to it. A stranded line of trees around the sides of these mountains shows the altitude of the glacier and indicates where the moraine finally settled.

"Hetch Hetchi valley was once filled to the brink, and where all is dry now a lake formerly existed. At the northern end of the valley the cliffs have a sheer descent of hundreds of feet, the walls being so smooth and polished that they glisten like mirrors in the sun. They were worn that way by the glacier. The southern wall is different, however, being covered with a growth of vegetation. This end is shaded from the sun, and the rocks, becoming moist, rotted, crumbled and gave way to a vegetation producing surface.

"The cause of the glacial epoch in California was the same as on the Atlantic coast. The altitude of the North American continent at that time was uniformly 3,000 feet higher than at present, producing a proportionately colder temperature, which caused ice to form, and the ice reacting on the temperature caused a further decline, and so on until the glacial period was reached.

"There is no doubt that the islands in the Pacific ocean were at that time connected with the mainland. The best evidence we have of the pretertiary time is the mammoth. The skeleton of one of these animals was found on the Santa Barbara islands. It must have come originally from the mainland, and that only when they were connected.

"The well marked terraces all along the coast at altitudes from the present level of the ocean to 1,200 and 1,500 feet show that marked subsidence of the continent and demonstrate that it must have sunk from its high altitude to very much below its present level. During that period the San Joaquin, Napa and Sacramento valleys were all under water. Even San Francisco was entirely submerged."—San Francisco Examiner.

The Ashes of Your Cigar.

Recent experiments in Germany show that the more ashes a cigar leaves the better and the longer it burns. Varieties of the weed that leave a large residue are, therefore, the most desirable. The most mature tobacco is the largest ash producer, and hence burns better and longer than the others. It is found that the best varieties of tobacco also leave an ash that contains little chlorine. Fertilization of the plants with sulphate of potash not only diminishes the proportion of chlorine, but increases the quantity of ash; hence tobacco raisers have learned that the best results are to be obtained by the use of this substance.—New York World.

Animal Calls.

The fowl call, chick! chick! chick! and its variation, kip! kip! kip! are as old as the call to the cow, being the Sanskrit kuk, the name of the domesticated fowl, whence cock and kik or chick, together with kip, chip and chuck—words all clearly imitated from the note of the bird, which in Sanskrit was kak, to crow, or to laugh, whence cackle. The country housewife who says shoo to the trespasser upon her kitchen garden or flower pot uses almost the same exclamation that the ancient Greeks used to scare away the fowls in their day, which may be derived from the Sanskrit su, to hurl or to drive.

No study of animal calls can leave out the calls to the cat and the dog, to which the child, like his primitive ancestor, gives names imitative of their voices—the meow and the bowwow. The word puss is supposed to be an imitation of the spitting or, as the English say, the swearing of the cat, for which the Hindoo word is phis. Kit is but a variation of cat, of which kitten or kitty is the diminutive, and scat is probably hist and cat compounded and shortened, or it may be the Sanskrit skat, to scatter.

The dog, perhaps because of his always having been given individual names, and because of his almost human intelligence, has no general call nor particular word of command. Many different words are contained in the dog vocabulary, of which among us the ejaculatory sick 'em is the only expression understood by all dogs alike who have English speaking masters, which is plainly enough seek 'em, seek being from the Sanskrit sak, to chase or follow.—Chautauquan.

ORIGIN OF CANARIES.

A Ship From the Canary Islands Introduced Them to Italy.

About 350 years ago a ship returning from the islands in the Atlantic, which people then called the Fortunate isles, but which were undoubtedly the Canaries, went ashore on the coast of Italy near Leghorn. A cage of beautiful birds captured in these islands was broken, and the birds were liberated. Through some caprice they did not take refuge on the Italian mainland, but went to the island of Elbe, where, in due time, they nested and bred and increased in numbers. The Italians discovered that they were admirable singers and began to capture them and sell them in cages.

This gave rise to a traffic which soon completely cleared the island of Elbe of canary birds, so that not one was left there in a wild state. From that time the history of the canary has been one of perpetual imprisonment and of the transformation of his appearance and character. He has become what may be called an artificial bird. Every nation of Europe has produced a canary of a special type. In the natural state of canaries, as they still exist in the Canary islands and other Atlantic islands, the birds are of a grayish green or greenish brown color and are not remarkable for beauty, but they are such energetic singers that they have been known to break the membrane of their throats in pouring forth their song.

Now and then the birds are taken in a wild state in these islands and sold for good prices in Europe or America. But the ordinary canary of commerce is the offspring of captive stock and has been greatly modified by breeding. Canaries, however, have been crossed with linnets, finches and other birds until their real race is uncertain. Canaries are now known as "German," "French," "Belgian," "English," "Tyrolese" and so on, acording to the forms and colors that have been produced in them. The Belgian canaries are sometimes eight inches long and are remarkable for the elegance of their form and rich orange color.

French canaries are light in color. Some canaries which are entirely white command a high price. The Germans and Tyrolese, on the other hand, breed more for beauty of song than of plumage. Many of the birds have been trained by being kept in the dark in the hearing of the nightingales to imitate these wonderful singers.

The English bird is more remarkable for plumage than song. To be highly esteemed it must have a head and body of bright orange, while its wings and tail must be black. A single wrong feather will diminish the value of the bird. Exhibitions of canaries are regularly held in the Crystal palace, and no canary has a chance of winning a prize unless it be properly marked with black wings and tail.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Cummings' Story of Horace Greeley.

"While I have the floor," said Amos Cummings, "I might as well tell a story about Horace Greeley. I worked with Greeley for years. He always called me 'Asa;' never could remember 'Amos.' One day I went out to see Greeley at Chappaqua about some newspaper business. The old gentleman saw me coming as he stood looking out the window and opened the door himself.

"'Come in here, Asa,' he said in his high, mealy tones as he led me into a fashion of parlor.

"I followed him into the room, and as I was only going to remain a moment laid my hat, gloves and cane on a center table. Greeley and I had just immersed ourselves in a talk when Mrs. Greeley swept into the room. Now, Mrs. G. was what one might call a spirited woman. The moment she entered the door her eyes fell indignantly on my trousseau as I'd piled it up—hat, gloves and stick—on the table. Without a word and before I could speak to her she swooped on the outfit like a fishhawk, and the next moment threw them out of the window.

"Then she left the room without pausing for speech, as one who had taught herself over the heathen of mankind's hats and canes and similar bric-a-brac. I was inclined to get a trifle hot. A man naturally might who sees his hat pounced upon and cast into the shrubbery. But before I could get up or say a word Greeley stretched out his hand in a deprecatory way and cheered me with the remark:

"'Never mind her, Asa. She thought they were mine.'

"Afterward, however," concluded Cummings, "when I recalled what Greeley's hat used to look like, I had my doubts."—Washington Post.

Early Dining In Ancient England.

The ordinary hour for dinner in the fifteenth century appears to have been 10 o'clock in the forenoon. In the larger baronial castles a lavish hospitality was practiced, but even among the lower ranks, says a contemporary, the "bona fide traveler" could always be sure of a welcome and the best provision that the house afforded. To shut the door upon the houseless stranger was an offense which the church would not readily condone, and it was remarked of more than one who had erred in this respect that luck ever afterward deserted him. The approach of the meal was often announced by the blowing of horns, so that wayfarers might hasten their movements.

Curiously enough, grace was said before the tables were laid, and the guests appear to have had their appetites whetted in a most salutary manner by regarding the movements of the attendants as they spread the cloths and brought in salt cellars, drinking vessels and other necessaries. To wait on others at table was considered rather honorable than otherwise, and the story of the Black Prince attending to the wants of the captive French monarch contains nothing extraordinary. In the households of the great the carvers and those who presented the wine at table were never less than esquires and often nobles and barons.—Family Magazine.

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THE WORLD'S GREAT TUNNELS.

The Cost of Construction Has Been Largely Reduced of Late.

In comparing the four great tunnels it is interesting to note that time is an extraordinary element in the cost. The oldest tunnel—Hoosac—cost $879 a foot; Mount Cenis, next oldest, cost $356 a foot; St. Gothard cost $229 a foot, and the most recent tunnel of the four—the Arlberg—cost only $154 a foot. All four were in old settled countries, with abundant labor, and the very great difference in cost per foot plainly marks the progress of science because it was the invention and improvement in tools that made it possible to reduce the time and thus the cost.

To observe the differences between the work on the three great European tunnels, built by government aid in old settled countries, it may be well to observe for a moment the work done on a comparatively small tunnel built far from civilization through the Cascade mountains on the line of the Northern Pacific railroad. The mountain through which the tunnel was cut is 3,970 feet above the sea, and the peak is 1,185 feet above the floor of the tunnel. To understand the magnitude and difficulty of this undertaking it must be observed that the site of the tunnel, at the time the contract for its construction was signed, was an unbroken wilderness.

At the then existing terminus of rail connection everything, men and tents, food, horses, machinery, lumber, hospitals and, in fact, the material of an army had to be transported over improvised roads 82 miles through forest, through snow and mud to the east portal of the tunnel and 87 miles to the west portal. Six months passed before all the machinery was on the spot. Rivers had to be turned aside, bridges built, camps established and men and horses collected, fed, housed and cared for nearly 100 miles from a locomotive. The tunnel is 16½ feet wide and 22 feet high, and the entire distance, 9,850 feet, was bored through the mountain in 22 months, the rate of progress with the power drills being 418 feet a month, and the cost of the completed tunnel was only $118 a foot, and the entire work was completed in 28 months from the signing of the contract in New York city.—Chautauquan.

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says the great Shakespeare, but he did not have in mind a coated tongue or torpid liver, with all the symptoms of biliousness, so common in this country. All this, and more, can be cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a purely vegetable compound, restores the action of the liver, gives tone to the flagging energies of the dyspeptic's stomach, and thus enables "good digestion to wait on appetite, and health on both." By druggists.

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Miscellaneous

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Wanted. We want several honest, reliable men in this vicinity, to act as SALESMEN for our CHOICE NURSERY STOCK.

We will pay a salary or commission and furnish an outfit free. Write at once for terms and information to

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Miscellaneous | Miscellaneous

Come to Birch's, Burlington, N. J., For Carriages and Harness.

I HAVE three (3) immense factory plants located in different parts of the city and all packed to the roofs with goods for the coming spring and summer business. I have been established at the same place for more than a generation. The developments in all manufactured goods in America for the last twenty-five years have been wonderful and I have kept abreast with the times.

My record is established in my line of goods as leading. There is no place in the Middle States to compare with my supply places of business. For the last two years America has been undergoing a great revolution in business which has made the prices of all manufactured articles low for all time to come and only the fittest have survived.

I use the brains and capital of every smart man in America that is producing specialties in my line of work, which gives me

the best possible assortment that can be produced and at the very lowest price.

The plumage of the song birds and the colors of the flowers will be just as bright this coming spring, and the demand for the celebrated Birch carriages and harness will be greater than ever.

The list of my goods is too numerous to specify here, but in my carriage department I have from the handsome cabriolet carriage down to an elegant $40.00 top buggy, and a $12.00 whalebone road cart. Harness department, you will find the very finest double coach harness down to a good wearing $5.00 buggy harness, and a full line of ladies' and gentlemen's riding saddles and equestrian outfits, and

everything pertaining to the road, track and stable.

Sleigh department, all the very latest patterns and designs in season. I have issued the handsomest, most elaborate, expensive, complete and interesting one hundred and thirty-six page Catalogue ever published in the trade. Contains over three hundred illustrations of carriages, harness, sleighs, horse and driving goods, and the cover handsomely lithographed in colors. This is a work of art and will be mailed free on application.

James H. Birch.

These prices for one week, commencing Friday, May 3d.

Star Washing Powder,	2c pkg	Heckers' Buckwheat, [redacted]	13c pkg
Green Peas,	5c qt	Soup Beans,	6c qt

4½ lbs Apple Butter in stone jars, 28c

Coffee,	13c and up	Good Brooms,	15c each

Home Brand Plantation Java Coffee, 1 lb box, 38c

Baked Beans, (large cans),	8c	Cocoa,	10c can
Print Butter,	22c lb	Dust Brushes,	10c each

New Potatoes, Green Onions, Asparagus, Radishes, Spinach, Kale, Lettuce, Cabbage and Rhubarb at lowest prices.

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Large bottle Catsup, 5c — Flaked Tapioca, 5c lb
Prairie Flower Tomatoes, 8c — Tomatoes, 6c
Large can Sardines, 7c — Three B's Corn, 10c
Instantaneous Tapioca, 6¼c — Buttermilk Soap, 8c
Extra Java and Mocha Coffee, 36c

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MEMORIES.

Yes, I remember every note
 That brought me pain or sadness
And each sweet letter that she wrote
 To fill my heart with gladness.
I call to mind the many days
 Our sky remained unclouded,
When every thought of sorrow's ways
 In mystery was shrouded.

The pretty flowers she kindly sent
 I still can fondly treasure
In memory of acts that lent
 Their quota to my pleasure.
But when the love she freely gave
 Was taken from my keeping
A life was filled with nothing save
 Vain bitterness and weeping.

Yet sometimes, when my lonely soul
 With grief grows tired and weary
And listen's to the thunder's roll
 Till all seems dark and dreary,
I wonder if the storms of life
 Make dim her coming morrow.
If so, I'd gladly bear the strife
 To give her less of sorrow.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A HEADACHE.

I had a headache. I don't see any especial reason why a young man of good moral character and temperate habits, who takes eight hours' sleep seven nights in a week, should have a headache, but I did. It was one of that popping kind of headaches that make one feel as if his lungs had gone to his head and they were trying to expand there about four diameters at intervals of a minute. I believe they call them nervous headaches, but I fancy they wouldn't be any more agreeable by any other name. Then my heart was as heavy as lead, and once or twice as I walked along I really feared it was going to pull loose from its fastenings and drop. Possibly it was the heavy heart that gave me the headache. But no. I recall now that I was going to see Kitty, the one girl in the whole world that made it any kind of a world for me, and we had had a slight misunderstanding. It wasn't the head that gave me the heartache; it was the heart that gave me the headache. I believe I said that I took eight hours' sleep seven nights in the week. At this point I wish to modify that statement. In the week past I had done so only six nights, for the night before the day on which I was on my way to see Kitty we had disagreed with each other. I don't think I slept at all.

I was going now to see the young woman and settle the matter finally, and though I was a promising young lawyer, ready to make a case for anybody else, I had no papers in this case and was going empty handed. I didn't even have so much as my brief with me.

At the door Mrs. Miltby—Mrs. Miltby is Kitty's mother, and a most exemplary and motherly soul—met me and on the instant started back in amazement.

"Why, John"—she always called me John, for she had known me since I was a mere baby—"why, John," she exclaimed, "whatever is the matter with you? You look like you were going to have a bad spell."

"Oh, that will be all right in a day or so," I replied evasively. "I have a severe headache. Is your daughter at home?"

"You mean Kitty?" she asked in surprise.

"Of course," said I. "You haven't any other daughter, have you?" and I made believe to smile.

"Oh, I didn't know," she stammered.

"Didn't know what?" and I tried to smile again. "Didn't know whether you had another daughter or not?"

"Why, to be—certainly I know that. Why, how queer you do talk!" she rattled on half hysterically, and laughing one of that creepy kind of laughs one dreams of when he hasn't eaten the right thing for supper. "Are—are—you quite sure, John, she broke out excitedly, "that that headache hasn't gone to your head?"

It was cruel to tease her, and with a supreme effort I talked rationally to her for a few minutes—they seemed like hours to me, and then she said she would go and [tell Kitty.]

As for myself, I went into the little parlor and waited. How sweet and pretty it looked, and how like a sandstone on a gold setting I felt! Everything was as I had seen it so often, the picture of her grandpa over the cottage piano, the frame in which my picture had been for so many months, but empty now, on the corner of the mantel; the large photograph of St. Cecilia looked heavenward, as we had often told each other we always felt when we were together; the two big friendly chairs inviting each other to come nearer, which we always sat in when I first came in the evening, and the snug little sofa in the corner that was always my point of departure when I bade her good night and went my way back to my own cheerless apartments in a homeless boarding house. I looked at them all, and as the drowning man sees all his sins before him so did I see all these things twice over and multiplied by a thousand as the greatest blessings of my life. Then I shut my eyes. I couldn't help it. My head felt as if a dozen sets of lungs had got into it and were doing expansion turns for a prize.

I opened my eyes suddenly at the sound of a voice.

"Mother told me you wished to see me" it said as chilly as if it had been left out over night in the frost.

"Oh, Ki"—I began, as I stood up before her. "I beg your pardon," I continued; "your mother was quite right. I did wish to see you."

"I can scarcely understand why," she went on, "after what occurred last night. Still, you may be able to explain, and I am willing to listen, at least for a few minutes, as I have an engagement," she added, with the faintest kind of a smile.

It was such a miserably mean little smile, I thought, that it was ashamed to show itself openly.

"Oh, don't let me detain you," I tried to say, with biting sarcasm, but I only bit my tongue in saying it.

"I shall not," she replied. "When I am ready to go, I will let you know. Pray, be seated," and she waved me to my chair again, taking one of our—"our," think of that—big chairs and nestling down into it so cozily that I wanted to throw a book at her. I really wanted to throw myself at her, but I had never dared do that, and this was scarcely an appropriate time to begin.

"I presume," I said, "your engagement is with Mr. Kilmer and my presence here is an intrusion?"

Kilmer had been the cause of the trouble the night before, and Kilmer was such a good fellow generally that I couldn't help but wish that he had died several years before with the cholera or some of the other epidemics which visit our shores and carry away so many excellent people.

"Oh, no," she said, "no intrusion at all. At least not yet. He was here this morning and told me he would not be around again until 4 o'clock."

She looked up at the pretty brass clock I had given her. Both its tiny hands were clasping the figure 3. Three-quarters of an hour and a whole lifetime thereafter!

"Isn't it enough that you should have killed me," I said, "without being so eager to cut me up?"

"I was merely defending a friend," she retorted.

"And you claim Kilmer as a friend?"

"I certainly do. Isn't he a friend of yours?"

"Not at all. If he were, he would not have interfered with my happiness as he has done."

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I didn't know he had."

"Didn't I tell you last night he was a scoundrel, intent only upon separating us?" I asked hotly.

"And didn't I tell you that I would permit no friend of mine to be called a scoundrel by any one without resenting it to the utmost?" she replied.

"But I did call him that," I insisted.

"Yes, and what good did it do you?" she said, stepping to the mantel and holding out the empty frame in which my picture had formerly been the attraction.

"His will take the place of the former occupant?" I said scornfully.

"His, or another's," she responded, and actually giggled.

A giggle from a girl is dreadful enough under any circumstances, but at this time it was positively galling.

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed, staggering to my feet, "am I then a twofold dupe? Are the returns all in? Have the back counties been heard from, Miss Miltby?" and I buried my face in my hands.

I could hear the click of the frame as she set it back on the mantel and a mild sort of a dull thud as she dropped into the big chair.

"Mr. Kilmer is, at least, enough of a gentleman, scoundrel though you say he is," she said, "not to talk to a lady as you do."

"Oh, Ki—I beg your pardon, Miss Miltby," I apologized, "I hope you will forgot that I spoke so rudely. Indeed I did not mean it."

"I don't see what reason you have for objecting to Mr. Kilmer paying me any attention he sees fit to pay," she told me for answer. "I have known him for a long time, and he is held in the highest esteem by every one except you."

"But I have known you quite as long as he has," I contended.

"Which is hardly a reason for acting as you are now acting," she said.

"Does he love you?" I asked, and I could feel a thousand throbs in my head at once.

"I presume not," she replied, smiling. "If he does, he has been too modest to say so."

"Do you love him?"

"That is my own affair," she answered freezingly.

I threw my hand quickly to my side, for as I live I thought that instant that my heart would certainly break loose and drop down. I think if I could have stopped on a scale that moment with it in my bosom I would have weighed a ton.

"It is not altogether yours," I said, with a gasp.

"No!" and the interrogation point ran up into her eyebrows and arched them sharply like a spear point, it seemed to me.

"No, and I want you to understand it." I was growing desperate. "I have some rights which I propose to see are respected, and I shall not stand like a post and be dumb as one."

"And what rights have you, pray, that I should respect them?" she asked so sarcastically that it felt as if I had stepped across the path of a cutting hailstorm.

"The right of having my claim heard before it is disallowed and thrown out of court," I responded, dropping into shop talk without knowing it.

"Have you ever presented your claim?" she inquired, with judicial dignity.

Had I? That was the question. Had I? For years I had known Kitty Miltby. We had grown up from children together. We had gone to school together. For months I had loved her. By day she was ever in my thoughts, and by night her spirit filled my dreams with music. I had given her my heart without the asking, but I had never asked for hers. It didn't seem necessary. I thought, of course, she knew I wanted it. Now I was brought face to face with the facts. Had I ever presented my claim? Well, I had not—at least not with the formality which my training as a lawyer demanded that I should.

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty," and I almost cried from the reaction, "I love you more than all the world, and I want you as much as I want the world, for you are the world to me. Now, will you say that my claim has not been presented?"

It doesn't make any difference what she said, or how she said it, or whether my arms were on the mantelpiece, or where they were, and it is nobody's business how much that man Kilmer had to do with bringing me to a realizing sense of my situation, or why he and Kitty smiled when I told him it was all right.

I think Kilmer is the best fellow in the world, and so does Kitty, with one exception.

When I left the house, Mrs. Miltby met me in the hall.

"Here's a sovereign remedy for the headache, John," she said, handing me a bag of herbs, "I've used it for 40 years, and it never fails."

"Oh, that's all right, moth—Mrs. Miltby," said I. "I guess I'm cured of that kind of headache forever." And if she [hadn't ...] the walk I'm sure I should have jumped clean over the gate and acted in a manner utterly unworthy of my dignity as a rising young lawyer.

It was 6 p. m., and Kitty had not missed her engagement at 4, because by that time it was permanently settled.—W. J. Lampton in Free Press.

Taoism and Buddhism.

I asked one of the Taoist priesthood what he considered to be the salient distinction between his religion and Buddhism—a question which staggered him visibly. After mature consideration he replied, "The Exalted Brethren shave their heads bare, but we Searchers After the Way twist ours into a topknot—thus."

A broader distinction seems to lie in the expression of the idols, for, while those of Buddha are mostly bland, not to say supercilious, the Tranqui temple collection was conspicuous for scowling, black bearded ferocity. The thunder god struck me as particularly impressive.—Blackwood's Magazine.

$100 Reward, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Half the fun of life is lost by many people through their neglect of one of Nature's most rigid laws. Nature insists on regularity. People who allow the continuance of any irregularity in their digestive organs soon have to pay the penalty. Free and regular movement of the bowels is the surest sign of good health.

The first question the doctor asks is: "Are your bowels regular?" If not, he gives something to make them so and quite often that is all he needs to do.

Assist Nature occasionally in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you need never be very sick. Remember that assistance don't mean violence. What is needed is a gentle but efficient helper that will work so easily and so naturally that there will be no shock to the system.

Of all the remedies that have been prepared, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets best fill all the requirements. They are made of refined, concentrated vegetable extracts. One is a laxative—two a mild cathartic. They cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, distress after eating, sour stomach, "heart-burn," dizziness, foul breath and all disorders due to imperfect digestion. Each little vial holds from forty-two to forty-four Pellets, and sells at the same price as the more common and cheaper made pills. A free sample package (4 to 7 doses) will be sent on request. Once used, they are always in favor. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

PIERCING THE VEIL.

MEANS USED BY THE SUPERSTITIOUS FOR READING THE FUTURE.

With Cards the Ancients Solved the Secrets of Fortune, and They Have Their Followers Today—Spiritualism, Ancient and Modern—Devotees of Divination.

The origin of cards, according to the celebrated Etteilla, one of the most indefatigable researchers into the mysteries of the ancients, attributes to the primitive Egyptians the invention of tarots, or of the Book of Thot. They were composed of 78 thin plates of gold, the purest and finest known to antiquity, upon which were traced hieroglyphs, or mysterious characters, the explanation of which was daily made to each family by its head as embodying revelations of destiny. That book was the only relic of Egyptian lore which escaped the wrath of the Caliph Omar when that Mohammedan zealot caused the burning of the celebrated library at Alexandria. The Alexandrian Jews regarded the book only as secondary to their mysterious Caballa. The Greeks next obtained it, and the Arabs regarded the original form of the golden plates with a holy reverence. When the Moors founded the kingdom of Granada in Spain, they brought with them the vestiges of the mystic work which had perished in the east and had been debarred entrance into Europe during the continuance of that gloomy reign of persecution designated as the dark ages.

From the Moors Europe received the Book of Thot, and that date is the true one to assign the revival and expansion of cartomancy. At the close of the fourteenth century cards were a popular amusement. With the Germans they formed an important commerce, and France soon followed, establishing factories for the production of cards at Lyons, Colmar and Belfort. But they suppressed the sense of the originals by replacing the signs with others of their own invention. The Book of Thot was composed of 78 tarots, or emblematical leaves, while our modern pack of cards has been reduced to 52, but the same ideas are expressed in slightly altered symbolism. The changes were made evidently the better to conform to the then existing condition of society, to which the general moral rules of Thot could be as well applied as to the primitive government of Egypt, and it is in this revised state that we now have them. So for ages the art of divination by means of tarots has been handed down with more or less degree of superstition, and today there are people who consider them as did the Arabs of old.

To unveil the secrets of the future is a desire that every mortal possesses, and from the earliest ages of mankind has labored in vain to gratify it. At the present time many people consult some species of oracle to ascertain that which is to happen them. Yet those who affect to ridicule this general habit, when speaking of it in public, are in secret the most rigidly devoted to divination. Many persons never attempted an important matter without resort to some form in prophetic consultation. Seeresses, trumpet and slate mediums, seventh children of seventh children and other claims to supernatural or uncommon origin or power are sought after eagerly, and, as they offer to read the future of any one for a dollar or so, they always have plenty of business to attend to. Many patronize them from sincere belief in their claims; others from mere curiosity. The curiosity to learn of the future will attract mankind to anything or anybody that promises to gratify it. Fortune telling by cards is one method which is tried by young and old, and we hear people say that the cards can foretell certain affairs or happenings. Another method is spiritualism. It is not a modern subject. It was known to the ancients, and for countless ages it has been sought after. Dr. McLaury has set forth that the formation of religious creeds and dogmas of all nations has had for its origin and foundation the belief in unsubstantial vagaries.

Evidences of faith in the Christian religion largely rest upon Mary's vision and [...] visionary. Phenomena identical with the manifestations of modern spiritualism appear in the Delphic oracles, in the lives of seers and clairvoyants, in the Camissard marvels of France (1686-1707), in the occurrences in the Wesley family (1716), in Swedenborg's alleged communication with the spirit world and conversation with angels more than a century ago, in the records of mesmerism and somnambulism, in family traditions and in innumerable accounts of remarkable dreams, predictions and physical phenomena.

Spiritualism has advanced rapidly in America, the estimated number of spiritualists being from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000. The periodicals devoted to the subject number about 125. Many spiritualists advertise in the local papers. They claim that the spiritual world controls their powers, and that they can receive from departed spirits messages to their earthly relatives and friends. By slate writing, trumpet seances and other mysterious ways they say these messages can come. Persons have received beautiful flowers said to be from the gardens of paradise. We are all human. Some are gifted with greater physical or mental power than others, some capable of attaining to positions of prominence among men by acts of valor or skill in developing some wonderful discovery of mechanism or great revelations of a scientific nature, but can human beings solve the mysteries of the hereafter? That there is a life beyond this no one can doubt, as all must admit that nothing can perish absolutely, not even matter. The substance of the body is not annihilated.

How much less, then, mind or soul!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Cautious Carp.

In the second act, scene 1, of "Hamlet" we find Polonius saying to Reynaldo, "See you now; your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth," which would seem to imply that your carp was a gullible creature, such, however, and, alas, not being the case, at any rate in these days. Nor was this fish regarded as an easy prey by the skilled anglers of 250 years ago. Writing about 80 years after the death of our immortal subject, Master Izaak Walton says: "The carp is the queen of rivers, a very subtle fish; if you will fish for a carp, you must put on a very large measure of patience."

Elsewhere, with pain, one notes unflattering reference to Cyprinus, which Vaniere lauds thus: "Of all the fish that swim the watery mead, not one in cunning can the carp exceed." Buffon was so impressed with its extreme caution and wiliness that he designated it "the fresh water fox." As for Walton, to that which we have already quoted, there is appended the remark, "He is hard to be caught." Now, whatever may be thought of old Izaak as a naturalist, it must be admitted that as regards deluding coarse fish he was decidedly "all there."—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Great Danubian Catfish.

One species alone has managed to take up its abode in Europe. This is the wels of the Germans, the true silurus, from which the family as a whole derives its name of siluroids. It occurs in the Danube and other eastern rivers, but has never made its way into the Rhine or any streams to the west of it. Except the sturgeon, the wels is the biggest—and, I will venture to add, the ugliest—of European fresh water fishes. Its huge, gaping mouth, its soft, slimy skin, its six big barbels and its murderous expression all combine to render it peculiarly hideous. Some specimens reach the length of 16 feet and turn the scale at 400 pounds, but these figures, being fisherman's weight, may be accepted by the wise cum grano salis. I do not guarantee them. According to Yarrel, a Prussian specimen of silurus had the entire body of a baby in its stomach, but a noble Hungarian catfish goes this story one better, for it is said to have contained "the body of a young woman with a wedding ring on her finger and a purse full of money hanging at her girdle." I can swallow the lady, but I decline to accept the wedding ring and the florins.—Cornhill Magazine.

Miscellaneous

CASTORIA

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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion,

Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

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HUMPHREYS'

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with **Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil** as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

It Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS, External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures and Fistulas. Relief immediate—cure certain.

It Cures BURNS, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. Relief instant.

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The Simpletons, a new novel by THOMAS HARDY, will be begun in the December Number, 1894, and continued to November, 1895. Whoever may be one's favorite among English novelists, it will be conceded by all critics that Thomas Hardy stands foremost as a master artist in fiction, and The Simpletons may be expected to arouse enthusiasm not inferior in degree to that which has marked Trilby—the most successful story of the year. Another leading feature will be the Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, by the Sieur Louis de Conte, Her Page and Secretary, under which guise the most popular of living American magazine writers will present the story of the Maid of Orleans. In the January Number will appear a profusely illustrated paper on Charleston and the Carolinas, the first of a series of Southern Papers.

Northern Africa is attracting more attention than at any other time since it was the seat of empires. The next volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will contain four illustrated articles on this region, and three of them will depict the present life there. Julian Ralph will prepare for the MAGAZINE a series of eight stories, depicting typical phases of Chinese Life and Manners. Besides the long stories, there will begin in the January Number the first chapters of A Three-Part Novelette, by Richard Harding Davis—the longest work yet attempted by this writer. Complete short stories by popular writers will continue to be a feature of the MAGAZINE.

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An American Serial, Doctor Warrick's Daughters, by Rebecca Harding Davis, a strong novel of American life, partly in Pennsylvania and partly in the far South, will occupy the last half of the year.

My Lady Nobody, an intensely exciting novel, by Maarten Maartens, author of "God's Fool," "The Greater Glory," etc., will begin the year.

Essays and Social Chats. To this department Spectator will contribute her charming papers on "What We are Doing" in New York society.

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During 1895 every vital question will be discussed with vigor and without prejudice in the editorial columns, and also in special articles by the highest authorities in each department. Portraits of the men and women who are making history, and powerful and caustic political cartoons, will continue to be characteristic features. This Busy World, with its keen and kindly comment on the lesser doings of the day, will remain a regular department.

Fiction. There will be two powerful serials, both handsomely illustrated—The Red Cockade, a stirring romance of olden days by Stanly J. Weyman, and a novel of New York, entitled The Son of His Father, by Brander Matthews—several novelettes, and many short stories by popular writers.

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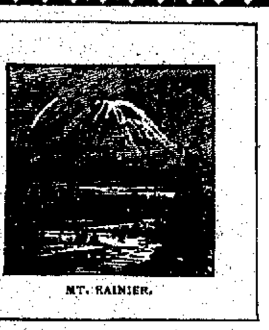

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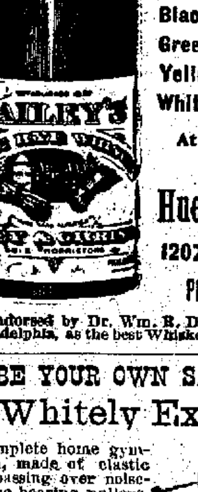

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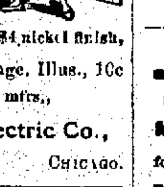

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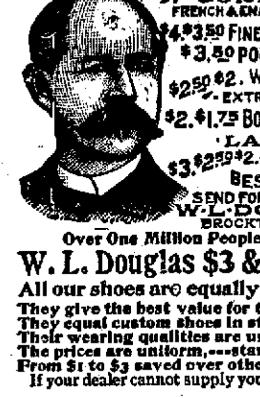

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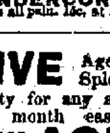

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